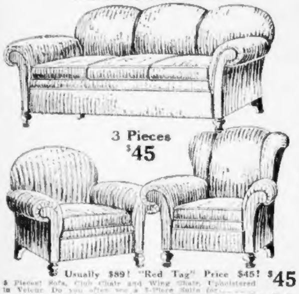
Summerfield's
Boston and Somerville

"Red Tag" January Clearance!

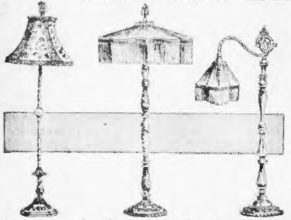
When You See a Red Tag —You'll See a Bargain

Moire Top Card Table
Red enameled legs, well braced and strong.
Usually $2.50
No Mail or Phone Orders
89c



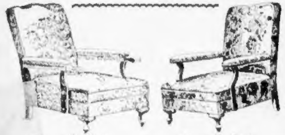
3 Pieces $45

Usually $89! "Red Tag" Price $45! **$45**
3 Pieces! Sofa, Club Chair and Wing Chair, Upholstered in Velour. Do you often see a 3-Piece Suite for.....
Easy Terms



Floor Lamp and Shade, complete **$7.45** Easy Terms	Floor Lamp and Shade, complete **$6.45** Easy Terms	Bridge Lamp and Shade, complete **$5.75** Easy Terms

Save Many Dollars on This Suite!
Beautiful Walnut finish on Gumwood
8 Pieces (usually $125)
Buffet, Table, 5 Side Chairs and Host's Chair—NOW **$78** EASY TERMS
9 Pieces with China Cabinet, $98
Usually $150



Coxwell Chair Well made, nicely upholstered. "Red Tag" Price...... **$22.50** Easy Terms	**Coxwell Chair** An inexpensive chair that is a huge value at.... **$16.95** Easy Terms

Usually $145!—You Save Exactly $50!
4 Pieces!
Dresser—French Vanity—High Chest—Bed **$95**
Usually sells for $145 Easy Terms

Look For The Red Tags! Extra Sales People!

Tea Wagon 2 Drop Leaves, Removable Tray **$9.75**

Take 15% Off Any "Brookline Home" Range

Double Day Bed Windsor Style Ends **$24.50**

Metal Beds 2-Inch Continuous Posts, All Sizes, **$4.75**

China Cabinets Walnut finished gumwood, **$9.98**

Gate-Leg Table Solid Mahogany Top, 30x18 in. **$19.75**

20% Off Watches Diamonds and Jewelry

Kitchen Cabinet Sliding Porcelain top **$24.85**

Solid Mahogany Console Table Fluted legs **$19.85**

Not Just Another "Sale"—but the Greatest Values We Ever Offered!

In January it is customary for most merchants to hold a Clearance Sale of merchandise left over from Christmas selling . . . it is an accepted fact that at this time, thrifty shoppers can "pick up" some extraordinary values. . . . Each year we hold a January Clearance Sale, too—and, in the past, too, have offered some exceptional "buys." This year, however, finds us loaded up with merchandise . . . so much more merchandise than we should normally have at this time of year . . . that not only must we hold a January Clearance Sale . . . but we must make it so strong that we can be assured of reducing our stock down to what it should be. We've waited, purposely, to see what others would offer. We have shopped most January Sales. We found some fine bargains that others were showing . . . and NOW we are ready! Everything in this sale is marked LOWER than in any other store we've shopped . . . marked so much lower that our store will be thronged with eager shoppers who will be delighted to see just how much money can be saved. Our only purpose is Clearance—we MUST reduce our stocks—we cannot afford to have them so large now . . . and if we can make more friends by giving values that people will talk about . . . then we'll figure this good will as part of our profit.

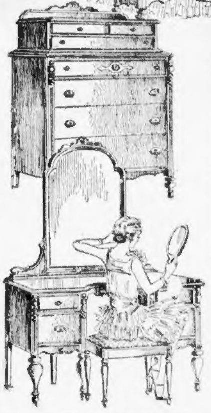
Look For The Red Tags!

No matter what you have been wanting in Home Furnishings or Furniture . . . you're bound to find it in this sale. Every Department in the store contributes exceptional values. Every Bargain will be identified by a RED TAG—showing the former price and the present Clearance Price . . . the difference is what you save . . . and there's so many red tags around our floors . . . that no matter how many people attend this sale (and we expect record crowds) they'll find ample to choose from.

Special Easy Credit Arrangements!

During this sale we are going to offer Special Easy Credit Terms . . . our terms are always easy . . . but we are going a step further . . . we will make it possible for EVERYBODY to buy what they need . . . don't let a lack of ready cash worry you . . . payments can be made to stretch out over a long period in such an easy manner that you will never miss the small amount you pay each week.

Sale Starts Tomorrow at 9!



See This 'Red Tag' Feature!

Is It the Usual Thing to See a Suite of This Quality Priced So Low?

46 in. Dresser—Beautiful French Vanity
Charming Hi-Boy—Return Foot Bed

Just a few of the features embodied in the construction of this suite! (1) Mahogany drawer bottoms. (2) Drawer guides. (3) Top and bottom drawers dustproof construction. (4) Beautiful mahogany overlays.

WALNUT VENEERS AND GUMWOOD

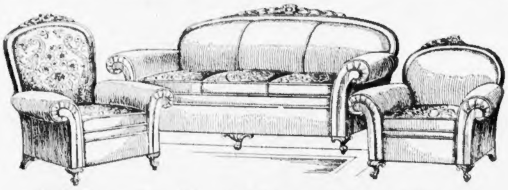
4 PIECES

$159

EASY TERMS

When you see this suite you are bound to exclaim, "This is a Real Value!" It is one of the greatest bedroom suite values we have ever offered! Lack of space prevents the description of numerous QUALITY details that make this an OUTSTANDING suite from both a price and QUALITY standpoint. Only actually seeing the suite can bring to you a true picture of it! No obligation to buy!

This Suite Usually Sells for $250



Upholstered in Blended Mohair! Carved Frame!

This Suite Usually Sells for $175!

A suite so unusual at this price that it is an outstanding feature in our Living Room Department. Sofa, Club Chair and High Back Master's Chair—with beautiful carved frame, reversible cushions and upholstered in fine Blended MOHAIR. (Outside ends and backs in velour.) "Red Tag" Price, 3 pieces **$135** Easy Terms!

Summerfield's

—BOSTON— 727-737 Washington St., Main Store *Open Saturday Evenings Till 9*	Shop at Either Store!	**—SOMERVILLE—** 212 Elm St., at Davis Square *Open Monday and Thursday Evenings Till 9.* *Open Saturday Evenings Till 10*

Wicker Chair High Back, Upholstered, **$12.50**

23-Piece Tea Sets Service for 6 **$3.49**

5-Piece Decorated Breakfast Suite **$19.85**

Take 10% off Any Rug in The Store

Broom or Dish Closets white or gray enameled **$8.95**

Governor Winthrop Desk **$39**

Telephone Table and Chair **$6.49**

Set of 4 Folding Metal Bridge Chairs **$4.50**

Cedar Chest well made **$7.50**

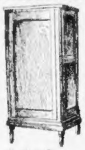
For Evening Appointments Call HANcock 8103

45-Inch Buffet Mirror
Usually $6.50. Nicely finished polychrome frame, now **$2.95**
No Mail Orders

Console Mirror
Venetian style. Scalloped edge Engraved.
98c
No Mail Orders

Usually $115—8 Pieces Now $69
Buffet, Table, 5 Side Chairs and Host's Chair. Walnut finished gumwood. Have you ever seen a similar suite priced so low? 8 Pieces **$69**
EASY TERMS

Solid Oak Chiffonier
$5.75
No Mail Orders



Solid Oak Wardrobe
$8.95
No Mail Orders

Solid Oak Dresser
$7.49
No Mail Orders

Usually $250! Now "Red Tagged" Down to $138!
—and all 4 pieces for this price! **Bed, Dresser, Chifforobe and Full Vanity Case.** Mahogany veneers and gumwood with mahogany overlays. 4 pieces—NOW **$138**
EASY TERMS

Drop-Leaf Breakfast Table
Unfinished. Usually $8.50. Now **$4.95**
No Mail Orders

Spinet Desk
Walnut-finished birch. A good-looking piece. Usually $21.50. Now **$16.50**
Easy Terms

3 Pieces!
Usually $119!
New Serpentine design. Upholstered in Jacquard Velour Sofa, club chair and the New "Bunny" Concave-back Chair! **"Red Tag" price....** **$89**
Easy Terms

Look For The Red Tags! No Mail or Phone Orders!

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World

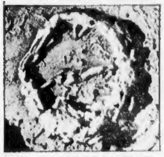
Magazine Section of the
Boston Advertiser
Sunday Jan. 6, 1929

How The Moon-Got Its Craters

Prof. Rudaux, the Distinguished French Astronomer, Discovers New and Interesting Facts About the Face of Our Satellite, and Its Variegated Colors

By Professor Lucien Rudaux,
Donville Observatory, France.

The Artificial Craters.



A Moon Crater Modelled in Wet Clay by Professor Rudaux With a Central Mass Made by a Middle Fissure.

Clay Craters Grafted on One Another by a Network of Crossing Cracks. Small Craters Form at the Crossings.

Other Types of Joined Craters With Small Circuses Produced in the Zinc Representing the Moon's Crust.

The Formation of Small Clay Craters, Just Like the Moon's, at the Angles of Cracks in the Surface.

UNTIL now most studies of the moon have been concerned principally with the broken appearance of its surface and the many craters or circular cavities which give it its characteristic aspect. Scientists have apparently been less occupied with the nature and variety of its soil. This last question is, nevertheless, important because it can help us understand how the very curious formations seen on the moon came into existence. Following this train of thought, long observations and investigations have resulted in my forming a new theory, which explains rationally the whole strange structure of the earth's satellite.

First of all, it is necessary to recall the conditions under which we see the moon

The appearances of its surface are truly marvelous when, in the course of successive phases, the sun illumines certain regions slantwise. These regions then appear in remarkably precise relief, standing out against a background of heavy shadow It seems that right under one's eyes are whole territories occupied by a multitude of volcanic orifices and precipitous mountains. Thanks to such a view and the magnificent photographs which have been taken of it, exact maps of the moon's surface have been drawn.

In so far as our means of observation permit, we are well informed about the dimensions, appearance and distribution of all the hilly protuberances which stand out on the moon's surface.

Bordering the mountainous regions appear immense and uniform flat stretches. To the naked eye these are what give the lunar disc its dappled appearance. Their almost regular surface and their dark tint caused the first observers to liken them to oceans. Although subsequently it became apparent that they were in reality dry, barren plains dotted with craters and mountains, the name "oceans" or "seas" clung to them. These portions of the moon have a less interesting appearance than those which stand in prominent relief.

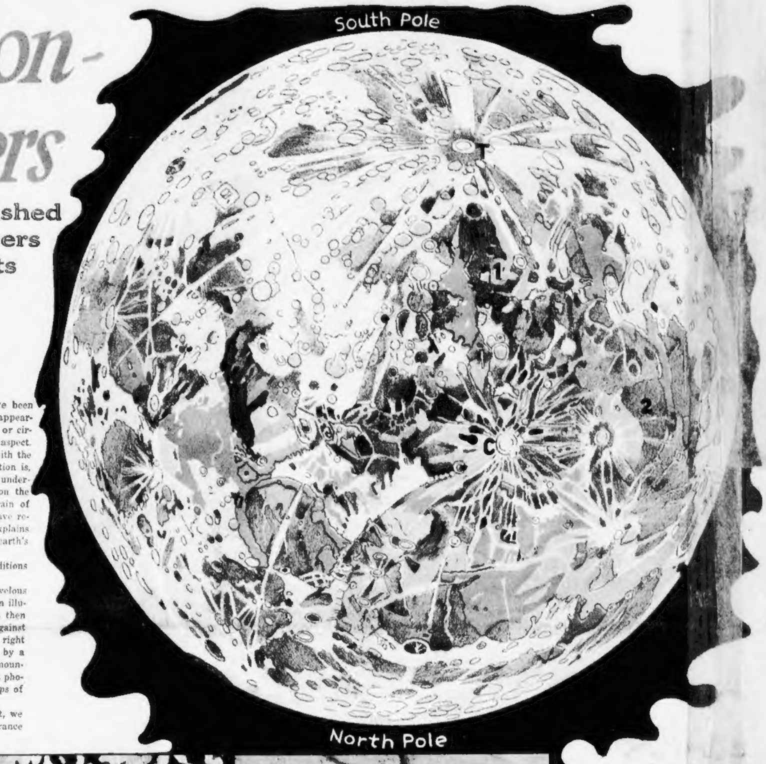
However, the flat areas present peculiarities which reveal that the nature of their soil is far from being uniform. This is attested by differences of color, not very pronounced it is true, but which become evident in favorable circumstances to an attentive observer The recording of these various colorings is attended by an interest greater than mere curiosity. For this reason I undertook to study them systematically, and the result authorizes some new explanations about the history of the moon's surface

It must first of all be made clear that these observations had to be effected under conditions different from those which accompany observations of the hilly portions. While the latter are best seen under an oblique light, as was pointed out above, the colors of the soil or ground can only be discerned with certainty when the illumination is direct—that is, when the moon is about full. But then, without any shadows to rest the eye, the disc is so dazzling as to be painful to behold.

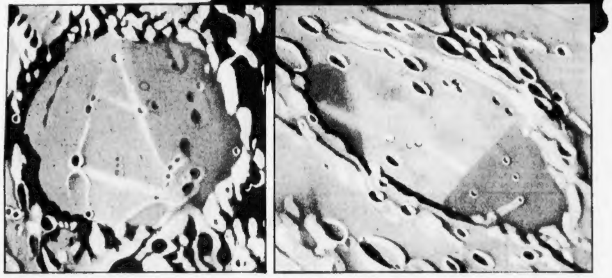
Seen under these conditions the moon appears not only very diversified in its luminous intensity, but also in the color of many parts of its surface, particularly in that of the vast stretches of "oceans" and of the flat-bottomed interiors of most of the great craters. The shades which can be recognized are all variants of gray—yellowish gray or greenish yellow, greenish gray, bluish or slate-colored gray. Pure gray, more or less dark—even almost black—can also be recognized, while at the same time some stretches appear a quite pronounced yellow. Finally some regions possess a sombre tint which the adjective "smoky" seems to fit best. The light parts of the disc, formed by mountains and crater rows or ridges, offer shades from yellow to pure white. They form the dominant note in the general coloration of the moon.

All these delicate and, for some eyes, almost imperceptible shades of color can only be distinguished under the most favorable conditions. The sky must be perfectly transparent in order that the telescopic image may possess the utmost clarity. Furthermore, the moon must be sufficiently raised above the horizon to escape the blurring influence of fogs and atmospheric absorption, which latter is a hindrance often to be found even when the sky seems clear.

(Continued on Page 2)



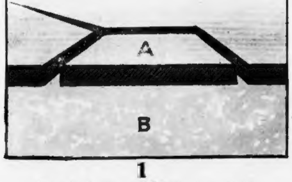
Professor Rudaux's New Map of the Moon, Showing Its Permanent Colors, Which Reveal That it Is Not the Pallid Sphere Generally Supposed. 1—The Sea of Clouds. 2—The Ocean of Tempests. T—The Crater of Tycho. C—The Crater of Copernicus.



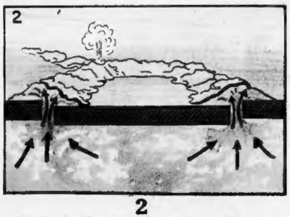
Two Moon Craters Shewing the Different Colored Divisions of Their Interior, Which Are Similar to Those Found on the "Seas."

Drawings in Color by Professor Rudaux.

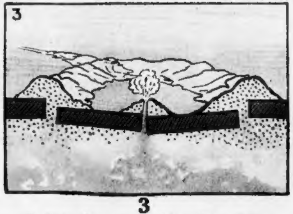
How the Moon Craters Were Made, According to the Newest Scientific Theory by Professor Lucien Rudaux.



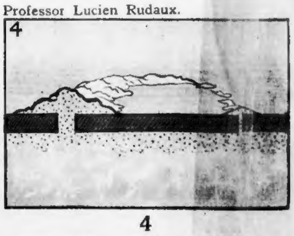
1
One of the Many Sided Portions of the Moon's Surface Formed by a Series of Cracks in the Solid Crust, A, Under Which Is Molten Matter, B.



2
The Pouring Out of the Molten Burning Matter Expelled by Internal Forces. The Arrows Indicate Direction of Spread. A Small Crater Forms Where Fractures Meet.



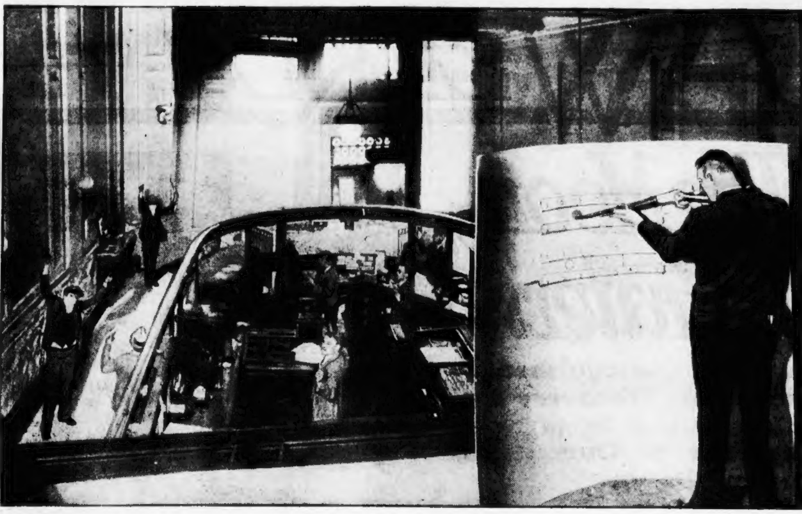
3
The Crater Forms as the Molten Matter Cools, and in Some the Sinking of the Centre Makes It Break in the Middle, Allowing Mountainous Masses to Rise Up.



4
The Formation of a Strange Looking and Incomplete Crater or Circus, Caused by the Fissures Having Been of Unequal Width.

Discouraging Bank Bandits With Armor Plate Gun Turrets

Mrs. William McFarlin, of Oakland, California, Who Was Widowed When Bandits Ruthlessly Shot Down Her Husband in an Attempted Bank Hold-up.



Photograph of the Armor-plate Turret in the Oakland Bank. The Picture Was Posed to Show How the Armed Guard, Protected by the Bullet-proof Wall in the Gallery, Commands the Bank Floor and Can Place Robbers at His Mercy.

Front View of the Turret, as It Appears to Robbers, Who Are Easily Discouraged by the Menacing High-Powered Rifle or a Sub-Machine Gun.

NOT long ago three men walked into the Seventh Street branch of the Oakland Bank of Oakland, California, and in an attempt to hold up the bank, killed William C. McFarlin, an employe. A few years before, in the same bank, two bandits held up the cashier and got away with $22,000.

The first group was captured eight months later, but due to faulty identifications and other technicalities, they were acquitted. In the second case, the robbers were pursued by police, who captured them after a running pistol fight. Court action this time was prompt and summary.

Within twenty four hours the bandits had been indicted for first degree murder by District Attorney Earl Warren and a $5,000 reward had been contributed by Oakland's five largest banks to the police officers. Within a month the bandits had been tried and convicted and, later, were executed at San Quentin penitentiary.

But Oakland, and particularly The Oakland Bank, one of whose branches had been the scene of robbery and murder, was not yet through with its medicine for such outlaws.

Inspired by the robbery and murder of McFarlin, the Oakland institution introduced into its twelve branches the protection which of late years has been used by banks to fight bandits with their own weapons. In each of the branches there is now installed a huge, armor-plate, bullet-proof turret, with sliding slots of the same protective metal in which are small, round holes which bespeak the menace to banditry that lies daily behind them.

Over six feet high and a quarter of an inch thick are these turrets. They are placed high above the banking floors, usually on balconies from which vantage points the armed guards have an unimpeded view of the entire bank, and from where they are enabled to fire at will without danger to bank employes or patrons.

How the Moon Got Its Craters—By Prof. Lucien Rudaux

(Continued from First Page)

For these reasons the researches which I am about to describe had to be very painstaking and long drawn out. It is not an exaggeration to say that they stand for a synthesis of observations extending over about twenty years. So long a period was necessary because of the method of work which I chose to adopt. In order to avoid the possibility of illusory appearances and to determine whether or not these colorations possessed a permanent character, my observations were accomplished in the following manner: First of all, I looked closely at a particular region, then did not study it again for a long time, and finally, when the precise recollection of what I saw on the moon had been lost, I resumed work on the same point.

Thus the entire extent of the moon's surface was observed successively three or four times at least, some points even more often. The results obtained from comparing and confirming one observation with another definitely established the reality of different colorations and their permanence. They prove that the colors really belong to the soil of this strange world and are not a creation of the eye of the beholder.

Some of these colorations have been generally noticed for a long time but in too casual a manner. Whereas, superficially, the "seas" appear greenish in hue, an attentive scrutiny discovers them to be made up of a variety of shades. Although these stretches do not lend themselves to photographic study, being generally represented on the plate as much darker than is actually the case, some people would still like to attribute their shadowy character to the effect of a peculiar absorption of reflected light having its origin in the presence of some kind of vegetation.

The variety of the colorations, their distribution, and the appearance of the regions where they appear, are permanent facts which do not warrant any such opinion. It is not necessary to see in these colorations anything but the fact that they are signs of the soil's constitution at each point. This, of course, is a much less seductive assumption than that of vegetation, and yet, in one way, it is quite as interesting, for it carries indications capable of revealing suggestive facts about the formation of the moon, as I shall now explain.

In a general way the surface clearly shows itself to be divided into diversely colored sections of unequal dimensions, but all possessing nevertheless a single characteristic. The different sections, as can be easily seen in the case of the "seas," have a many-sided form, more or less regular, whose contours are sometimes curved. In some cases the boundaries of the sections are bright or whitish.

The "seas" have poorly defined contours; their surface seems to continue between the interstices of the elevated portions bounding them. A similar character of soil is to be found in the flat-bottomed interiors of the craters whose rings, sometimes of vast extent, are divided into sections. If to these details be added the appearance of the remarkable craters or isolated masses which stand out in the midst of the "seas," we receive the impression that all the parts of the moon in relief have risen above one initial surface which was not, however, entirely of the same composition.

In truth, notable differences are evident in this general structure. The Sea of Clouds and the southern part of the Ocean of Tempests constitute a vast complex region whose numerous sections are divided one from another by mountain peaks, chains, and rings more or less apparent. The other "seas," whose sections are larger, appear much less uneven. An obvious connection seems to exist, therefore, between the fragmentary and the conspicuously raised portions of the soil.

The high parts of the soil are marked by circular cavities or circuses which at first view appear to be round. In reality, most of them, especially those of vast dimensions, have a many-sided form, and the sides parallel the lines or channels streaking the neighboring regions. Frequently joined together or encroaching one upon the other, the circuses appear like excavations whose bottom is generally below the level of the surrounding territory. Finally, many of them are star-like in form; their sides spread out in all directions and at times attain remarkable dimensions.

It is not astonishing that these circuses have been likened to volcanic manifestations; that is the reason why the term "crater" comes to mind so readily in speaking of them. But the analogy ceases to exist when the facts are examined attentively. Although we are able to perceive it in so marvelously detailed a fashion, the surface of the moon is still very far away and human eyes can only make out its general masses, dwarfed by distance.

If then, we perceive formations which resemble craters, the resemblance ceases when we consider their real dimensions which often exceed 80 miles in diameter. The structure of these circuses is not the same as that of the volcanoes which exist upon the earth and they were not built up in the same manner. For these reasons, therefore, we must recognize that we are not dealing with volcanoes—at least, in the earthly sense of the word—and that a different process must be imagined in order to explain the origin of these rings on the moon.

Numerous hypotheses have been formulated to account for the craters. The favorite hypothesis is that of upheavals of the original shell of the moon with enormous bubbles rising and bursting in the still fluid surface. The hypothesis does not differ essentially from the volcanic conception—it merely takes that conception in its largest sense, namely, that of the expansion of internal forces working to modify in some fashion or other the surface on which they are exercising their effects.

I trust that, in consequence of the numerous facts which my researches on the distribution of the colorations of the soil will place in evidence, the history of the moon will be more easily understandable and will be considered in a quite different manner, and yet not altogether detached from the earlier hypotheses.

The point of departure of this new theory is to consider the surface of the "seas" as representing the vestiges of a primitive crust made up of different elements which are recognizable in the appearance of divisions or sections. Some peculiarities are to be noted which are manifestly connected with differences of composition; thus, those portions of the soil whose color is smoky or dark greenish-yellow, have not, in general, such sharp borders as the others, particularly those which are slate-colored.

The borders of the divisions constituting the lines of least resistance can be considered as the origin of a more or less developed fissuring. Internal matter perhaps filled up some fissures so as to make the site appear like a whitish track or line of vapors and may have effected a chemical change at the edges of these ways of escape, transforming itself into the bright appearances we are able to see. The star-like formations that are noticed around the numerous circuses may also be explained as the result of such phenomena.

In the multitude of fissures may be seen the origin of the principal features of the soil. This conception is justified by the manner in which the circuses, masses, and isolated peaks jut sharply above the surface of the "seas" or in their neighborhood. We are led logically to suppose a process of expansion of matter over the surface of the moon, which happened in the following way:

When the lunar globe was first formed, the solid original crust must have covered a sort of molten mass more or less fluid and capable of pouring out under the pressure of powerful internal forces. The crust cracked in all directions and, for reasons which it is difficult to determine with any certainty, allowed the molten mass to escape. Then the molten mass began to expand and accumulate on the surface to form either domes or rings according to the manner of its coming forth. These are exactly the forms which the mountains generally show and it is easy to observe this directly when one beholds them in perspective with their silhouettes profiled against the contour of the globe.

This conception of the expansion of internal matter through the fissures of the moon has been upheld by a number of authors, notably by a brilliant French engineer, M. Delmotte. As I interpret its application, starting with the origin supposed in my theory and the conditions described, this process explains better than any other the most important peculiarities that are noticed on the moon; let us first examine the method of formation of a circus.

When fractures unite in such a way as to form an almost regular many-sided outline, they fulfill the conditions necessary for the formation of a pad-like swelling which will also have the appearance of a ring-shaped rampart. The fact that the interior of this ring is at a lower level than that of the surrounding terrain is easily explained. Two causes are at work to bring about the spreading of the matter over the surface.

In the first place it is necessary to admit the presence of an internal force bringing about the expulsion of the molten mass, which expulsion in turn creates a proportional vacuum favoring the sinking of the ground surrounded by the fractures. The process of sinking is further aided by the weight of matter imposed upon the ground. We might suppose that the molten mass, forced up by the weight of sunken ground, would then overflow the isolated piece of territory, or that the two causes may have worked simultaneously, one aiding the other.

Let us remark now that when these conditions are altered, special formations result. Suppose, for example, that the internal force be preponderant, not only will it prevent any sinking of the plateau, but it will even raise it, and the bottom of the circular cavity will have the appearance of a sort of table-land raised higher than the surrounding zone; as a matter of fact, such peculiarities are to be met with at some points of the lunar surface.

The process, just described, of forming a circus, or circular cavity, applies to all the features which introduce such great variety into the appearance of the moon's surface, circuses joined or superimposed one upon the other, circuses incomplete, appearing to be partially invaded by the level of the sea, alignments of mountains, etc. All these special aspects may arise from the manner in which the arrangement and size of fissures have affected the spreading out of the internal matter. And if we take into consideration the fact that these phenomena of pouring out and spreading are combined with movements of rupture, sinking and raising, we explain very well the many peculiar details of the curiously broken moon surface.

An experimental demonstration will give this theory valuable support. I have been able to make typical formations which fully confirm the hypothesis which has just been presented and of which we can get some idea from the photographs reproduced here. The experiments were conducted in the following manner:

On a sheet of zinc, representing the solid moon crust, some irregular cracks, representing the many-sided sections, were placed in imitation of the fissured condition of the moon soil. This crust was placed over a mass of clay in a fairly liquid condition, playing the part of the internal molten mass, and the whole contained in a hollow metallic plate; then the plate was pushed up from below.

Under these conditions the vaporization of the water in the clay causes a vigorous internal pressure, which brings a stream of clay out of the fissures in the crust. It is necessary to exercise a light pressure on the crust in order to imitate the resistance which it offers on the moon, under the action of gravity.

Mountains Whose Silhouettes May Be Seen Profiled Against the Edge of the Moon. They Have the Fairly Regular and Characteristic Form of Domes or Elongated Swellings.

The accumulation of clay on the surface took place exactly as the theory predicted, and its characteristics conformed to those of the moon formations.

By varying the conditions of our experiment all the peculiarities of the moon's surface may be reproduced. The circuses grafted one on another, which have been attributed to successive formations superimposed upon each other, can be formed simultaneously by the arrangement and size of the initial fissures. Indented circuses are easily explained by the inequality of size of the fissures describing the original circumference.

By the same reasoning, when the fissures are small or the spreading out of the matter is accomplished slowly, the cavities are scarcely indicated or are incomplete. Of the latter there are many examples on the surface of the actual lunar "seas."

The appearance of terraces or gradations which some of the ramparts show can be imitated in the case of the clay model by alteration in the spreading, combined with other movements. Such movements—a sort of see-saw, comprising alternate sinking and rising—take place on the moon; the traces of the last, later without doubt, than the formation of the great contour, seem to be revealed by the immense fractures which cut through the uneven soil, or run parallel with certain general formations. Similar phenomena, produced in the interior of cavities in formation, will explain the birth of the central peaks.

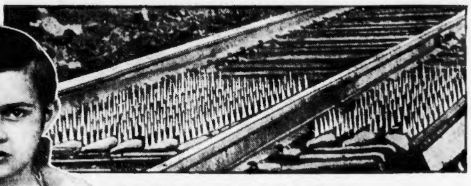
Finally across the clayey mass in process of expansion, eruptive phenomena, having the appearance of little craters, appear, giving rise to a jet of steam. On the moon similar minute formations are very numerous and it is generally admitted that they may represent real volcanic craters, different from the great circular cavities of which we have been speaking. It is remarkable to discover that experimentation produces these phenomena under the same conditions, which we observe surrounding similar occurrences on the moon. In fact tiny craters are formed in lines along the course of some fissures, or at least they may be seen at the angles of some divisions, at the intersection of the ramparts of joined circuses, and finally at the summits of masses or hillocks.

The observations on which this theory is based confirm the idea already held of a world remaining in the state in which the last convulsions of the soil in process of formation left it. It does not seem that any occurrence happened afterwards to modify this soil in any manner whatever; that is to say, if an atmosphere and water existed formerly, the action of these elements was stopped and they have only left imperceptible traces for our investigation. The lunar globe does not appear to have undergone superficial changes like those which are always taking place on our own globe, and which have transformed or diminished the mountains, hollowed out or filled in the valleys, etc.

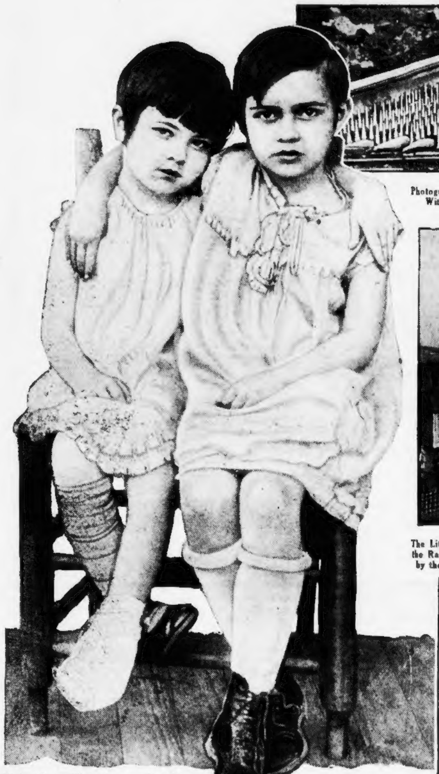
Certain peculiar modifications more or less periodic in the aspect of certain details of the moon have encouraged the supposition that this world is not as dead as appears; it has even been thought that phenomena of which water must be the chief agent are still in evidence upon it. But my observations and other experiments prove that these changes are due to the direction in which the sun's light shines on a soil very uneven in its superficial structure and whose exact nature still remains to be determined.

How 8-Year-Old Irene Saved 6-Year-Old Bonny; —All But 5 Little Pink Toes

Trudging Home From School Along the Railroad Track, Sister Bonny's Foot Caught Under the Inside of the Rail and Held Her Fast Just as the Big Freight Train Came Roaring Around the Curve

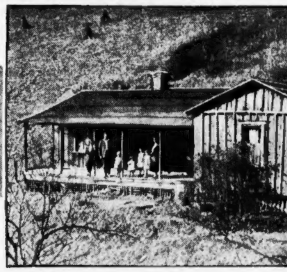


Photograph of the Scene Where the Accident Occurred, With the Cattle Guard and the Rail Where Little Bonny's Left Foot Was Caught.



Eight-Year-Old Irene Bentley—Irene Has Her Arm Around Sister Bonny, Whose Pathetic, Little Bandaged Foot Is Shown.

The Little Country Schoolhouse at Seco, Showing How the Railroad Passes in Front of the School and Is Used by the Children as a Convenient Path to Their Homes.



The Bentley Home, on the Kentucky Mountainside, and Mr. and Mrs. Bentley and the Five Children.

Irene Strained Every Muscle, But Her Strength Was Not Enough to Pull Bonny's Shoe Free. With One Arm Around the Small Sister and the Other Arm Tugging at the Cattle-Guard Fence Irene Pulled the Body of the Captive Child Outward and Downward Away From the Track; but Across the Rail Rested the Heel and Ankle of the Little One.

Then, Suddenly, as the Heavy Locomotive Shook the Tracks a Few Feet Ahead of Its Forward Wheels the Foot Was Freed. The Ankle and Heel Slid Off the Rails, but a Fraction of a Second Too Late—the Front Wheel Overtook the Little Foot and Crushed and Severed the Five Toes.

"HURRY, Bonny—a train is coming."

"My foot's caught!"

Irene Bentley, eight-year-old Kentucky school girl, looked back at her baby sister Bonny. Out of a clear sky, on a beautiful early Winter afternoon, had come one of those nightmare situations that might have paralyzed a person of any age.

A long freight train was thundering down on four little girls. Three of them were safe, safely over the cattle guard, but Irene was responsible for that six-year-old sister, starting her first year of school, and now, for some mysterious reason, standing with her left foot held to the inside of the rail.

Irene dashed back over the cattle guard. There were only a few seconds to think, to experiment and give orders, and the penalty of a mistake was something she must not think about because she would faint.

A full-grown woman might have been pardoned for fainting, but Irene shouldered the sudden and dreadful responsibility, kept her head, used her wits and did all that anyone with her childish strength could have done. She saved Bonny's life at the risk of her own, and saved all of Bonny's little body except part of one foot.

And that, perhaps, won't matter so very much, because, as Dr. Wright, at the Seco Hospital, told Bonny, if she grows up as pretty and sweet-tempered as she is now, some nice husband will be glad to see that she always has a big automobile of her very own.

As Irene threw down her lunch box and ran back to her sister, she found something had happened that nobody had warned them against. The girls had crossed that cattle guard many, many times without trouble, and never supposed there could be any of this sort.

Cattle guards, as most people know, are devices placed on the roadbed to discourage cattle from wandering into a neighbor's lands through the gap in the fence necessary for the trains to pass through. These guards are of various kinds. The old-fashioned sort consisted of strips of wood, laid side by side, about six inches wide at the bottom and coming to an edge at the top like the roof of a house. Cows, horses or most any kind of hoofed animal, placing its clumsy front feet on this uncertain footing, would back away and give up the idea.

This guard was of a new and improved type. Instead of wooden strips, six steel bars, six feet long, were spiked to the ties inside the rails, and two more pairs outside the rails. From the bars long rows of sharp steel points stuck up like the teeth of a comb. This was much more efficient; not even the small hoofs of a sheep could negotiate that patch of bristling teeth.

Human feet had not been given very much consideration, because the public had no business to walk on a railroad's right of way. The ample shoes of the trackwalker could traverse the six feet by walking on one of the rails. If he lost his balance he could regain it by placing one foot lightly on the points without discomfort.

Then men who invented the scheme, no doubt, experimented with their own feet to make sure that nobody could imprison himself. It had not occurred to them that a six-year-old child would cross such a place unless in the arms of an adult. But this tragedy happened in the coal-mining district of Seco, Kentucky, where the miners' families are as large as their incomes are small. Lincoln Bentley, the young father of Irene and Bonny, has to put in a strenuous day in the mines of the Elkhorn Coal Corporation at Seco, and his wife, with two more babies, Claudie, aged four, and Maudie, two, to bring up at home, has not much time to make that long trip twice a day to school.

So Bonny was sent in the care of her older sister, who for two years had made the journey without accident. They had been warned to stop, look and listen at the cattle guard, but, like all persons who make a habit of using railroad tracks for a highway, they had become a little careless. It only took a few seconds to cross, and the thing could be done even after the engine was "almost on top of you." This had been demonstrated by some of the local boys, who enjoyed the angry gestures of the engineers and regretted that they could not quite hear the words that went with them.

On that afternoon, the two Bentley girls, with Silvia Smith and Lilly Cox, a pair of schoolmates of Irene's age, came straggling home past the little, abandoned station at Whittaker. The station still has a sign, but passenger trains do not even hesitate as they pass. Only an occasional freight pauses a moment to throw off a piece of farm machinery.

The little file of four maidens reached the guard with Bonny in the rear. The first three, all talking at once about important happenings at school that day, stepped on the rail and, balancing carefully, passed through the short field of spikes, as they had done hundreds of times before. But just as they hopped off they felt the metal vibrate under their soles and stopped talking. This made it possible to hear a heavy rumble.

"Hurry, Bonny!" said Irene, "a train is coming."

Bonny was in the act of stepping onto the rail. She had a system and always did it the same way. To her, the narrow metal was a rather wide path, wider than her foot. But just as she planted her right foot on the rail, she felt that tremor, heard her sister's warning, looked up and tried to hurry. The result was that with her left foot she stepped down between the inner flange of the rail and the spikes of the cattle guard. With plenty of time and thought she might have removed her foot, but Bonny tried to pull straight up, causing the button of her little boot to catch. Another tug, with all her baby strength, wedged it beyond the power of any but a grown person to loosen.

"My foot's caught!" she said, with a little catch in her voice.

Back raced Irene and the two others, scampering along the rail that they now knew to be dangerous. They all pulled frantically at the little leg. One combined tug and Irene decided that strength alone would not do it. She took command.

"Go and flag that train," Irene ordered. "Make it stop! Wave your arms!"

Lilly and Sylvia obeyed, running down the tracks toward the curve around which they knew it would appear in a moment. The ringing and hammering of the rail were terrifying and the approaching roar sounded as if the train must be right on them. But Irene could not look up. She had to see what was holding that foot. She pressed downward on it, pulled backward and forward, but Bonny's struggles had trapped her thoroughly. Bonny kept her head too.

"Unbutton my boot," she advised. Irene had thought of that, but did not believe it could be done, but, as a last resort, she attempted it. One button, the top one, she managed, but the others were in a grip of steel. Perhaps though, she might now pull the foot out of the boot, and, telling Bonny to pull too, she tried in vain.

Engineer Dewey Dunnaway and Fireman Lawrence Millam were in the cab of number 45, a long, ponderous caravan of coal cars, lumbering heavy-laden to feed the factories in the big cities. According to his orders, all was clear for many a mile, but Engineer Dunnaway's head was out of his cab and as he rounded the curve he was startled to see two children running straight down the track at him. He checked his first impulse to yank the whistle cord.

These were not prankish boys, but girls, and girls never make trouble for engineers. At least till they grow up. Furthermore, they were looking at him with terrified, pleading faces and waving arms.

Instead of the whistle he reached for throttle and air. With one hand he reversed his engine and with the other put on the brakes. He did not "bead" the air out slowly for a gentle stop, but gave her all he had.

With a shriek of grinding metal, all the way back to the caboose, the cars stiffened out and slid, the locomotive shuddering with the protests of pistons insulted by receiving the steam in their faces.

Having done all he could in a small fraction of a second, the engineer now looked again to see what he was doing it for. He saw Lilly and Sylvia jump into the ditch, but beyond was the struggle going on at the cattle guard. He knew instantly that one tot was caught and the other striving to free her, but to his horror neither was looking at the train.

Instinct and training prompt the engineer to blow his whistle whether it will do any good or not. In damage suits the lawyers scold him if he doesn't. Engineer Dunnaway's muscles tensed to do the obvious thing, but he held his hand. No, he wouldn't pull that cord, not yet.

Those two brave little strugglers knew he and death were coming. He would not rattle them with a blast until the last moment. There was a bare chance, a hope against hope that the brakes would save them. In his ear sounded his fireman's prayer, an echo of his own. If it had only been a passenger train or a string of empties but to curb the momentum of those gondolas was another matter.

The critical moment came and passed. Steam, steel, air and prayer had done their best and failed. He knew he was going to hit those children. The engine shrieked three short yelps and Irene looked.

She saw the monster, spitting puffs of steam and showers of sparks.

"Jump! Jump! Jump!" cried the voice of the engine, but Irene did not jump. If she could not save her sister whole, she would at least salvage all she could. So, seizing the wooden border of the cattle guard with one hand, with the other she pulled Bonny down and away so that only the little ankle lay across the rail.

And then, a little late, Fate woke up and relented. The weight of the engine just before it touched the little ankle, spread the rails enough to open the steel trap. The tiny foot flew out, but as it passed over the rail the wheels caught and crushed the five little toes. A few yards further on the engine stopped.

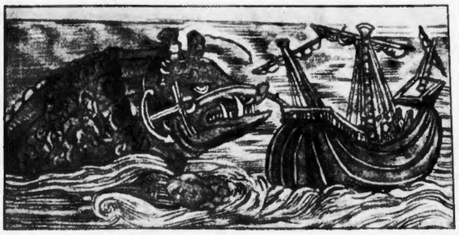
Neither girl had fainted. Bonny was crying softly in the arms of Irene who ordered the engineer to take her sister home. When Dunnaway said it would be better to run back to the hospital in Seco, Irene agreed.

There Dr. Wright and Dr. Woods had to remove a little more than the toes, because they needed a flap of uncrushed skin and tissue to cover the bones. But then, as Dr. Wright explained, after the ether-nausea had passed, she would some day have a nice, big automobile of her very own.

"Will it be a red one?" asked Bonny.

"Undoubtedly," said Dr. Wright, and his medical colleague agreed as medical colleagues always do.

Curious Pictures of Whales by the Ancient Basque Artists Who Never Saw One



Old Basque Drawing Depicting a Party of Whale Fishers Towing in a Huge Fish by Piercing It With One of the Anchor Spears.

THE interesting little race of Basques who inhabit a small portion of the coast of France and Spain on the Bay of Biscay, were one of the earliest people to practice the business of whale-catching.

The very first were the Norwegians, who went whale fishing as early as the year 850, as their records show. From them the Basques learned the trade at a date not long after that mentioned. The hardy Viking sailors taught the difficult and dangerous business in the many places where they settled—in Ireland, in Normandy, etc., but while many communities abandoned the work the Basques were for several centuries the only people in Europe knowing how to harpoon the whale.

Even up to quite recent times, when there was a considerable whaling industry in the United States, its headquarters at New Bedford, the crews of the American whalers who went out questing for big sperm whales were liberally sprinkled with Basque sailors, descendants of the harpooners of the Bay of Biscay. Now there are only a few American whaling ships left, and they have ceased making trips. It no longer pays to go to sea for two or three years to get oil.

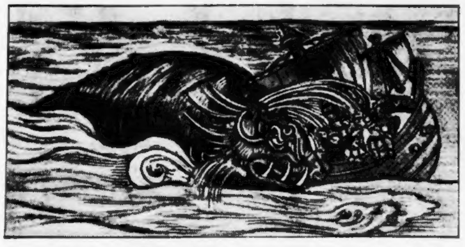
In early days the Basques hunted the whales that frequented their own seas. The towns of Biarritz, Bidart, Saint Jean de Luz, San Sebastian and many others depended on whale fishing as their chief industry. The town of Biarritz, now a very fashionable Winter resort, shows on its ancient seal of the Twelfth Century a boat-load of Basque sailors, with one of them preparing to throw his harpoon into the whale.

Many ancient pictures and books preserved in the Basque towns contain early pictures of whaling adventures and show how important the industry was in the early history of these places.

The Basque artists were bent more on making an exciting picture than giving an accurate representation of a whale. Perhaps they had never seen the creatures close at hand, for hunting them was dangerous, and only expert whalers as a rule had an opportunity to view the monsters at close quarters. Several artists represented the whale as having a head like a pig, enormous tusks and feet like those of a tiger.

The enormous size and strength of the whales often caused them to destroy boatloads of men after they had been harpooned, and thus they spread terror all around. From the days of Jonah and the whale as described in the Bible, uncertainty has surrounded the monster of the deep, and today the average schoolboy knows less about the whale than about any other large animal.

Whale fishing gave the Basques an important position in medieval France. Oil was then a rare luxury in most parts of the world and mineral oil was unknown. The comparative abundance of whale oil enabled the French kings and noblemen to lead a gay and enlightened existence. The local churches received a tenth of the oil tried out.



Basque Artist's Odd Conception of a Whale Overturning a Ship. The Artist Probably Never Saw a Whale, But Judged It to Have a Huge Head and Tusks Like a Giant Boar.

The bile of the whale sometimes yielded a solid, fatty inflammable substance of a dull or blackish color, possessing a peculiar, sweet, earthy odor. This was ambergris—a substance worth more than its weight in gold. In medieval times ambergris was used a great deal for medicines, but gradually its principal use was that of an ingredient or base for perfumes. In minute quantities in an alcoholic solution it was much used for giving floral fragrance to washes and other preparations of the perfumer. The high price it commands made it peculiarly liable to adulteration, but its genuineness was easily tested through its solubility in hot alcohol, its characteristic odor and its uniform fatty consistence on being penetrated by a hot wire.

Whales became practically extinct in the Bay of Biscay in the seventeenth century and the hardy Basques continued to hunt them off the arctic coasts of Europe and America, where some of them had long ventured. It is recorded that they reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence River in 1350, a century and a half before the visit of Columbus to America.

Promised to Wear More Clothes—So England Admitted Dancers

LONDON, Dec. 27.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, the American actress who gave up a far from successful career in the United States to come to England, where she became a great success, has more or less assumed unofficial leadership in the move against censorship of the theatre. When criticism was made some time ago of a scene in a play in which Miss Bankhead appeared, wherein the actress, playing the role of an angry and hysterical bride, ripped off her wedding gown and showed herself in the flimsiest of silk lingerie, Miss Bankhead issued a reply, in which she said:

"The English are a wool-wearing and wool-manufacturing nation. They even want to make women wear wool. Now, if they saw me in woolen underwear there would be nothing but praise. But woolen underwear would be inartistic and untrue to life, and, besides, it itches. I wouldn't do that for anybody."

Among the many who took the other side was the Ranee of Sarawak, daughter of Viscount Esher, who said:

"If white women realized the harm they do themselves in the eyes of inferior races, they would never consent to appear semi-nude as they do. I think it terrible that, in a public place, a girl should be willing to do as the bride does in Miss Bankhead's play."

Miss Bankhead was able somehow to withstand the arguments and threats of the reformers. But about the same time a dancing team known as Roseray and Capella, dancers, of the so-called adagio type, offered a series of dances in one of the cabarets in London in costume so abbreviated that the police banned the act.

In vain the dance-team pleaded art, pointed to the stand taken by Miss Bankhead, argued that they had done the same dance in the same costume in Paris, New York and other cities. The police were obdurate. They could not perform in London in such attire. They might pursue their profession in Paris, Rome, Vienna or Berlin, and not in any part of England.

But Roseray and Capella were exceedingly popular in London. They had attractive contracts with managers. They were rooted in the London capital, had apartments there, knew a great many people, and were disinclined to go on a tour. They were compelled finally to put on more clothes, and when they did so, the censorship was lifted and they were permitted again to do their stuff in theatres and cabarets of London.

Roseray and Capella, European Dances, Who Were Barred From Performing in England Because of Their Lack of Clothing. They Have Been Admitted to the English Theatres Again, After Promising to Put on More Attire. The Photograph Shows Them in Costumes Passed by the Censor.

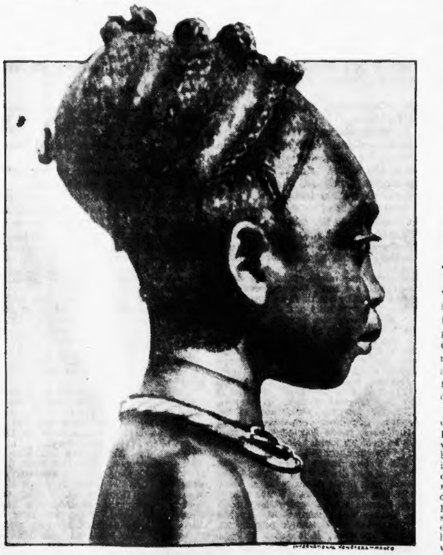
Latest Vogue for Congo Flappers

THE accompanying photograph shows the interesting coiffure of a maid in the Congo village bossed by the Manghettu chief Ikibondo. She and most of the others in the village have the strange elongated skull that is the outstanding characteristic of the Manghettu tribe. It is the custom of this people to contort their skulls from infancy. The operation is performed soon after birth by wrapping a piece of bark cloth about the baby's head, and binding tightly over this, across the forehead and round the nape of the neck, many strands of fiber. The headdress remains on for months while the child grows. The pressure is acute at times, but fatalities seldom occur.

In effect, the operation causes the skin of the face and forehead to pull upward, altering the appearance of the entire face and giving it a distinctly Mongolian look.

Recently adopted coiffures of the women are extraordinary. Some of them have their hair spread out on a sort of frame, in a flat, pate-like form, on top of the head. Others have their hair plaited and knotted in lines over the skull, somewhat after the fashion of African East Coast women. They do not tattoo as is customary in most savage tribes. The Manghettu people excel in many kinds of rude art—sculpture, pottery and wood carving. The chief of the tribe, Ikibondo, has over a hundred wives, many of them mere children, some of them inherited from his father. The oldest of the wives sits by herself and ranks higher than the rest.

The dress of the Manghettu maid is a bark apron in front, and behind a little rush mat known as a negbie, neatly woven in a black and white design. The mats are kept in place by a string around the waist, fastened in front by a sort of buckle made of rushes. The mats flap wildly as the girls do their native dances to the tunes of the native band, which consists mainly, as in the case with most African bands, of drums.



Typical Manghettu Maid of the Congo, Showing the Interesting Coiffure Which Explorers Say Is Now the Fashion in the Jungle.

Chapel in a Tree-Trunk

THE California redwood trees are so huge that it is possible to drive a large automobile truck through their arched trunks. Their like is not to be seen in any other part of the world. But in various sections of the globe are large trees which are frequently hollowed out for strange uses. Throughout France, Germany and Italy many of the trees are cut for roadside shrines and altars.

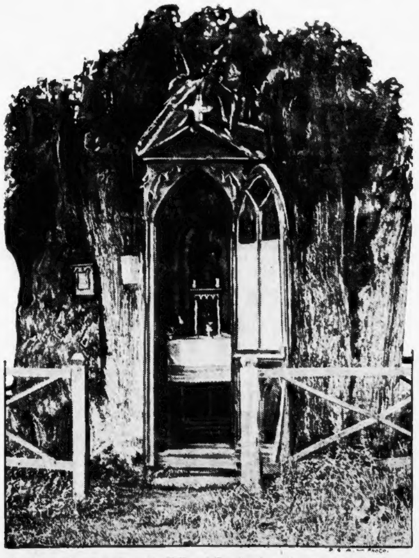
One of the most curious of chapels is that built in the hollow of a tree, a large yew tree three hundred years old, located in the cemetery of Haie-de-Roulat, Department of Eure, in France.

There are records of hermits who, over a period of years, painstakingly hollowed out great trees in the depths of forests for their habitations, preferring such homes to the traditional caves. But it remained for a farmer on a beautiful bucolic spot known as Stony Run, near York, Pennsylvania, to actually build a home in a tree top. Over the brook that traverses his farm leaned a venerable tree. Atop this he built a tiny house. The structure, perched among the leafy branches of the old tree, just like a bird's nest, was a practical, cozy structure, large enough to accommodate just two. When the house was built, the owner placed an advertisement in one of the nearby newspapers:

"For Rent—To honeymooners only, a real love nest on a quiet farm."

Since that time several couples have spent their honeymoons in this love nest. The branches of the old tree were filled with birds, whose songs burst forth with the dawn. The experiment was such a success that several similar love nests have been built since this, and they never lack tenants. It is a picturesque and poetic notion.

Along some of the minor motor trails in California, and in several other States, large roadside trees have now been hollowed out to provide for refreshment stands and tiny restaurants. But the town in France is the only one of record which has used a tree for a cemetery chapel, as far as the records seem to show.



Cemetery Chapel Built in the Hollowed Trunk of a Gigantic Yew Tree in the Graveyard at Haie-de-Roulat, France.

Producing Artificial Fog

IN a recent test conducted in Germany an artificial fog was produced which, military experts believe, will be of inestimable value as a protection for towns from attack by hostile airplanes. It is claimed that the "Magic Curtain," as the new device has been named, will be a better defense against air attacks than the tightest barrage from anti-aircraft guns, for it will render the city invisible.

The first official test of this wonderful device, the invention of Dr. Reddemen, the German gas expert, which enables a city to become invisible in a few seconds by the mere pressing of an electric button, was carried out by a party of engineers and German Air Ministry officials at the town of Bobblingen, near Stuttgart. An airplane with a party of observers was sent up over the town, and the observers were astonished to see a group of houses and factories on which they were gazing suddenly vanish from view, wrapped in a cloud of dense white "smoke."

Ten vessels, each containing twenty-four gallons of a secret chemical substance, had been placed on the ground at intervals of seventy yards around the buildings. At the approach of the airplane, Dr. Reddeman touched a button and clouds of dense smoke were belched forth by the containers. Within six seconds clouds 300 feet high lay stretched over an area of 500 square yards.

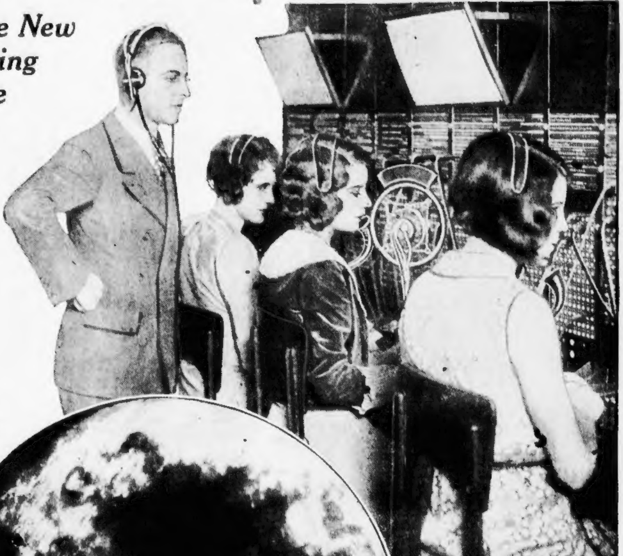
The great seaport of Cuxhaven has already begun the construction of a powerful plant for the manufacture of the synthetic fog.

The need for such a device was strikingly brought out by the World War. Faced with the sudden problem of defense against aircraft and other attack, the art of camouflage was developed. It was successful in forests where large artillery was concealed, and it helped to protect trucks passing along on roads under fire. But it was useless in the protection of an entire depot or town. The new method will do for cities what camouflage did for objects, and do it better. Entire cities can be hidden from the enemy aircraft by means of the Reddeman gas.

Picking Future Talkie-Movie Stars From Telephone "Central"

"Hello" Girls Have Just the Right Voices for the New "Talkies"; If Face and Form Are Also Pleasing They May Become Stars, but Even if Homely, There Is the Chance of Being the "Voice-Double" of Some Beautiful but Dumb Screen Celebrity

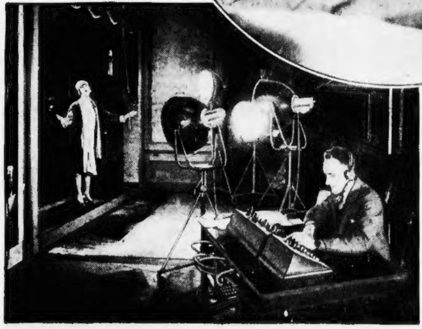
**Four Hollywood "Central" Telephone Girls Selected From the Telephone Exchange and Being Given a Test on the Movietone Microphone.
From Left to Right These Young Women Are Dorothy Cain, Millicent Hoag, Louise Hart and Edna Wilson.**



Telephone Girls Doing Their Work at the Switchboard in Their Natural Voices, While a Movie Director Listens in and Tests Them Out One After Another.

"Close-Up" of Miss Millicent Hoag, Hollywood Telephone Girl, Taking a Movietone Voice Test.

Marie Prevost, Film Star, Who Graduated From the Telephone Switchboard to the Movies.



Photograph of Movie Studio, Showing the Operator Seated in the Foreground Working the Controls Which Govern the Volume of the Actress's Voice as It Is Carried to the Recording Apparatus.

HOLLYWOOD moving picture directors are raiding the telephone exchanges in their frantic search to find stars with voices fit for the new talking pictures.

It has just been realized that the telephone companies throughout the country have collected an inexhaustible reservoir of girls with the suddenly precious talent of speaking in a clear, well-modulated voice. Such a voice coming from the right sort of face and figure may soon be worth more money than that of a grand opera primadonna.

Most any "central" operator could pass the dreaded microphone tests that have floored many of the previously great personages of the screen. But, of course, that is not all. The "hello-girl" must also be perfect in face and form, items on which the telephone companies have no standards whatever. With them it is the voice with the smile that wins. What the woman behind the voice looks like is nobody's business. And even the loveliest features often do not screen well, for somewhat mysterious reasons.

Out of the Hollywood exchange, containing 30 girls, four were chosen who could pass the screen tests. These fortunate young persons are Dorothy Cain, Louise Hart, Millicent Hoag and Edna Wilson.

Only one barrier remains to shut them off perhaps from fame and wealth—can they act? The chances are in the girls' favor, for the telephone companies not only put applicants through strict voice tests but intelligence and education examinations. They want no lady morons. The companies have found that the three things usually go together. A person who speaks clearly thinks clearly, and that sort of mind generally manages to pick up some education, no matter how poor the home it comes from.

The director who made the great discovery is Edward Laemmle. Like most every other executive in the picture industry, he was ridden by the nightmare of how to find "talkie" talent. Reaching for his telephone, the other day, a pleasant voice said in his ear:

"Number please."

The director promptly forgot his number and everything else except the fact that he was listening to just such a voice as everyone was looking for. From R. H. Muenter, traffic manager of the Hollywood Telephone Exchange, he learned that the majority of candidates for telephone jobs are weeded out at the start by testing their voices over the telephone, which has virtually the same limitations as those of the talking picture machine.

A voice too high squeaks, while one too low has an unpleasantly unfeminine rumble. If the letter S is pronounced wrongly it sounds like F. If another mistake of pronounciation is made, the S becomes a lisping TH, and lisps are not cute on the telephone or the talking picture.

It happens that Marie Prevost was once a telephone operator before she became a celebrity of the silent drama, and never supposed that her switchboard experience would be of any value. Then one day, fearful and wonderful contraptions were set up in the studio, before which strong men and wild women shuddered and turned pale. Even the omnipotent director put away his megaphone and had to sit silent and motionless in the presence of this strange god. But the thing had no terrors for the ex-telephone operator, who took to her first vocal film like a duck to water.

She or any other switchboard graduate has a great psychological advantage over the other actors who get stage fright at the sight of listening machinery. Picture actors are paralyzed with dismay the first time they try to work in the new and ghastly silence of the "talkie" studio.

The telephone girl finds things easier even than does the actor with a well-trained voice from the legitimate stage. Her telephone experience has taught her never to yell into a transmitter because the result will be only a harsh roar. The louder she shouts the harder it is to understand her. If her part on the "talkie" stage calls for raising her voice she remembers this and does not have to be told to turn away from the nearest microphone.

A "talkie" stage set may have eight to a dozen microphones planted at strategic points out of the camera's range. Each one of these is a snare and terror to the picture veteran and only less so to the legitimate actor accustomed to pitching his voice to reach the last row of orchestra seats. To the switchboard girl the "mikes" are merely overgrown and extra sensitive telephone transmitters, old friends.

Most people in the picture industry now wish devoutly that the speaking film had never been invented, because new difficulties and expenses arise wherever they turn. But the public having had a taste, even in its crudest form, put up such a howl for more that almost everybody except Charlie Chaplin is preparing to learn to talk or forever fade out.

Great personages of the screen can be seen in stock companies or vaudeville, playing at ridiculously low salaries to get experience in acting and talking at the same time. Some of these stars have naturally feeble or rasping voices and for that reason seem doomed. After the novelty wears off it is considered certain that their public will not long tolerate raucous tones even from the loveliest lips. There remains for them only the doubtful possibility of a voice double, which would mean doing almost the entire picture over twice. The first time it would be a silent picture; that is, though all the lines would be spoken, no sound would be recorded.

The second job would be done in the projection room for sound only, and the actors, including the doubles, with the bad-voiced originals out, would speak their lines with their eyes on the screen, suiting their words to the already finished silent picture being shown. This would permit the star to remain beautiful but dumb, and the double would never need learn to act.

Men's voices average much better than women's. Nobody seems to know why this is so. The nearest approach to an explanation was given by the head of a well-known casting agency of Hollywood, who said:

"Women run to quantity rather than quality."

In the studio, besides building sound-proof, double walls, roof and floor, everything inside must be different. The scenery itself has to be constructed of porous, sound-absorbing material while above and on all sides hang great layers of burlap, called "sound baffles" placed there to kill echoes. Neglect of these precautions in the first "talkies" blurred them with rough edges of sound. The camera and operator are imprisoned in a sound-proof booth on wheels to keep the clicking of his machine from getting into the microphone.

The director must rehearse his actors till they are perfect in lines, voice, gestures, cues and timing, as well as expression, just as if it were the opening night of a Broadway play. Then perhaps a trial record is made first. This is nothing more than phonograph records of the sounds of the scene, which the director and actors hear repeated back to them through loud-speakers, just as they would sound in a moderate sized theatre.

This not only catches any mistakes the actors have made, but reveals to a nimble-minded individual who operates the mixing panel which controls the various microphones whether he has given too much or too little "juice" to any of the mechanical ears. It is in his power, when the heroine whispers, "I love you," to make it so faint that nobody can hear it, or to turn it into a most unmaidenly bellow.

As the actors stray from one hidden microphone to another, the operator must fade one in and the other out, a job calling for the nicest of judgment. He, too, is a prisoner looking down upon the stage from above through a glass window, his fingers flying from one to another of a dozen switches regulating the sensitivity of the various microphones.

The directors, for there are two of them now, one for action and one for sound, are powerless spectators while the scene is being taken. Neither dares utter a sound because anything an actor would hear, the microphone would hear. Even a gesture of warning would cause the actor to look away and ruin the scene. One of the unexpected nuisances that has turned up is the fact that even the most natural and proper sound that belongs in the scene spoils it unless the eye sees the cause of the noise in the picture.

In a barroom scene one of the principals caused a grating sound by moving his foot on the brass rail, which would have been fine only the camera happened not to show his foot. One of the trial records seemed to be spoiled by a meaningless thumping sound until the picture was run at the same time and then nobody noticed it because they saw what caused it. One of the actors was slapping the dust from his clothes. There can be no windows to these sound-proof stages, so ventilation has to be done through complicated apparatus that also keeps the air at a uniform temperature so as not to disturb the delicate electrical contacts and balances.

Outdoor "shots" are taken with a sound-proof truck containing the camera and recording mechanisms, but outside the studio walls, the problem of making the world keep quiet is heartbreaking. One must guard the roads on all sides of the location to persuade motorists not only to stop their cars but not to blow their horns. This is not so bad, but a freight train a mile away is more than likely to let go a blast in the middle of a scene where someone has just said that they are hundreds of miles from human habitation.

Dogs turn up from nowhere to bark at the strangers, and bystanders even if they don't make comments are sure to sneeze or cough. The neighborhood must be cleared of these and all other possible noise-makers. The bull in the neighboring pasture, though out of the camera's range cannot be trusted not to express himself. Farmers must be induced to take sheep, calves, roosters, donkeys and even horses into the barn or otherwise muffle them. Frogs in the neighboring pond must be intimidated into silence.

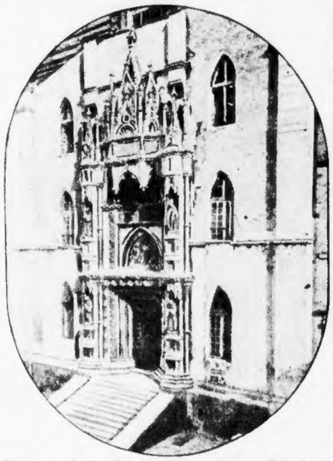
When this has all been managed, an inquisitive fly is likely to buzz around a microphone, making a sound like the Zeppelin passing over New York. Even a mosquito can give a good imitation of an aeroplane. These undesirable insect musicians are discouraged by anointing the vicinity with large quantities of oil of citronella. Fortunately the microphone cannot smell anything.

All these are problems which money and ingenuity can solve, but the plight of the monster picture theatres is another matter. The sound reproducers are located behind or near the screen and are powerful enough to fill these great auditoriums. But sound travels so slowly that for the people in the last rows, there is a perceptible lapse between the action and the sound. It is annoying to see a door slam silently and then, a moment later, as someone speaks, to hear instead of the voice, the delayed bang of that door. This failure of sound to "throw" instantaneously to all parts of a large auditorium is sometimes overcome by the installation of additional reproducers at strategic points in the theatre.

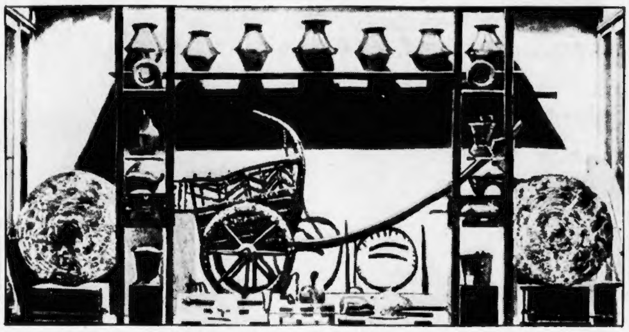
The rival methods of making "talkies" are fighting it out for supremacy. One scheme is, in effect, a phonograph synchronized with the film. Another method, which seems to be rapidly overtaking this, has the sound recorded on the film itself. Light is converted into electric current and from current into sound.

The sound-producing strip was at first run along the edge of the picture, but it is equally possible to have separate films. This makes feasible the possibility of a beautiful star with a bad voice using a vocal double who need not look like her at all. Also it would permit "talkies" to be translated into all languages by using linguists who need not know how to act.

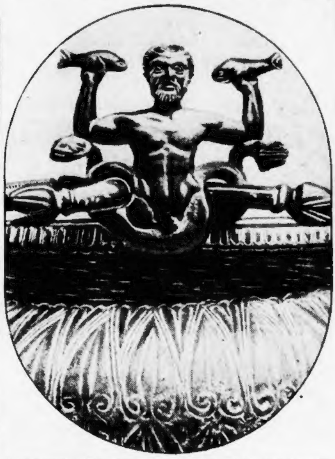
Priceless Relics of Ancient Picenum for Italy's Newest Museum



Entrance to the New Picenian Museum at Ancona, Housed in an Old Convent. The Doorway Is by Giorgio de Sebenico, and Was Made in the Fourteenth Century.



The Famous Bronze Chariot, Which, With Two Great Copper Shields, Is the Central Attraction Among the Priceless Picenian Relics.



A "Merman" With Four Snake-like Legs, Which Served as the Ansa or Handle of a Huge Bronze Vase, Probably Etruscan, Which Is One of the Most Interesting of the Exhibits.

THE new Italian museum recently inaugurated at Ancona by King Victor contains many priceless relics, but most valued of all are the Picenian antiquities which have been gathered together for the museum, and form the bulk of the exhibits there.

Picenum was a district in ancient Italy, situated between the Appenines and the Adriatic. The inhabitants, according to tradition, were offshoots of the Sabines. The district was conquered by the Romans early in the third century B. C., and, a few years later, the territory was divided among Latin-speaking settlers. It is for this reason that there are scant records of any non-Latin language that may have been spoken in the district. The ancient monuments of Picenum were almost entirely unknown before the excavations of the late Professor Dall 'Osso and those of Dr. Moretti.

The most important and distinctive collections in the new museum are those representing races that dwelt in that region before the Roman conquest—Picenians, Greeks and Gauls. Unique treasures, not to be seen in any other museum in Italy, are the Picenian war chariots of bronze. Some of the tombs excavated were of princely magnificence, such as that discovered at Fabriano, with two bronze helmets, two huge shields of copper and two bronze war-chariots. Professor Paribeni, the noted Roman archaeologist, saw in the chariots a distinct resemblance in type to the wooden bigae of the Egyptians.

In was in Picenum that the Social War broke out in 90 B. C. At the end of the war the district became connected with Pompeius Strabo, and his son, Pompey the Great, threw into the scale on his side of Sulla, in 83 B. C., all the influence he possessed, hoping to make it a base against Caesar's legions.

The new museum at Ancona, where the Picenian treasures are housed, occupies the Convent of San Franciso delle Scale, buit in 1742 close to a Fourteenth Century church. Both of these buildings have been restored at a cost of over half a million lire. The new entrance is through a fine dormitory by Giorgio de Sebenico, who perfected the church facade in 1455.

One of the most interesting of the exhibits is a "merman" with four snake-like legs, which served as the ansa or handle of a huge bronze vase, probably Etruscan.

The district that was once Picenum is now called Marche.

U.S. to Save Vanishing Marten

AN interesting feature of the fur-farming experiments now being conducted by the Government Biological Survey is the breeding of martens.

The marten is one of the most graceful and beautiful of forest animals. A close relative of the Siberian species, it ranges all wooded parts of North America. It prefers the seclusion of dense woods, but will sometimes hover about camps, to pick up bits of food. Though shy, it is easily trapped.

Unfortunately, it is threatened with extermination, and, unless bred in captivity, there will be few martens left before long. Its rich brown fur is greatly admired, and fetches a correspondingly high price.

The animal is nearly three feet long, and weighs five to six pounds when fully grown. It is fierce and rapacious, chiefly a meat-eater, but fond of beech nuts and small wild fruits. The prey on which it mainly subsists includes muskrats, rabbits, mice, birds and some insects. A creature of tireless vigor, it climbs trees and jumps from branch to branch with the agility of a squirrel.

The males fight ferociously whenever they meet.

In captivity, the marten is not afraid of human beings and, easily tamed, will eat from the hand.

The young are born in March and April, and come into the world naked. A few days after birth the fur begins to grow, and at four to five weeks they have a fairly heavy coat, dark maltese in color.

Baby martens open their eyes at about the thirty-first day. At the age of three weeks they crawl about. At three months they are able to take care of themselves, and should then be separated from the mother.

Pens for breeding martens should be in a quiet place with natural shade, where they will be undisturbed. They should be located on well-drained land, and each pen should be twelve feet long and six feet wide, with a rain-tight house and a nest. The food provided may be a mixture of meat, cereal and milk; and the animals should have plenty of clean, fresh water.

The North American marten is closely allied to the pine-marten and the Asiatic sable. The importance of the fur of this animal may be judged from the fact that 15,000 skins were sold in one year by the Hudson's Bay Company as far back as 1743.

It is ordinarily caught in little wooden traps of simple construction, being little enclosures of stakes or brush in which the bait is placed upon a trigger, with a short upright stick supporting a log of wood, which falls upon its victim on the slightest disturbance. A line of such traps, several to a mile, used to extend for hundreds of miles in the old days of marten trapping, when the animal was plentiful. The bait was any kind of meat—a mouse, squirrel, piece of fish or bird's head. The marten was trapped during the cold months, from October to April, when the fur was in good condition. The skins of northern marten are more full and of a finer color and gloss than those from temperate regions. Enormous numbers of the animals were caught to supply the demands of the fur trade, and now the Government has taken steps to save the marten before it shares the fate of many other North American animals hunted to extinction.

Miss Radclyffe Hall, the British Novelist, Whose Latest Book Was Ordered Burned by the Authorities.

Burned Her Filthy Book

MISS RADCLYFFE HALL, English novelist, has reached the distinction of having her latest novel seized by the police and ordered burned by Sir Chartres Biron, the presiding magistrate at Bow Street Court, London.

Miss Hall was quite pleased with herself at first and expected a large and profitable sale for her filthy volume.

Whenever an objectionable play is interfered with on the stage, or an abominable novel is stopped by the police, always artists, playwrights and novelists arise like grasshoppers in a hay field, to defend the book or play and talk about art and inspiration, and the blighting influence of any effort to enforce the laws of decency.

But Sir Chartres Biron, the magistrate, made short work of this familiar bumcombe, and answered their pleas as to the novel's literary excellency by saying that "this made the poison in the book all the more insidious."

Your Chances Against Lightning

WHAT are the average person's chances of being struck by lightning? One in several million, according to C. D. Wagoner in a General Electric Company bulletin, if the person is in his home. The bulletin goes on:

"If you chance to be at your desk in some downtown skyscraper throw out your chest and defy Jove and all his bolts. He simply can't reach you.

"You have the assurance of this from R. M. Spurck, an engineer of the new switch gear plant of the high voltage testing of circuit breakers, where arcs of artificial lightning from 15 to 20 feet are played over apparatus to make sure it will withstand conditions when put into service, out in the open in natural lightning areas. 'Shooting' a million volts into circuit breakers to thoroughly test them before leaving the factory is not mere gues-work. The fundamentals are based on studies made in the company's laboratories, field observation and the classic work of the late Dr. Steinmetz. Mr. Spurk said.

"If you reside on the top of a hill with no trees about, you are in the city's most perilous position. Such a house is likely to be struck once every 100 years. But if you live in the average city home, with houses of equal height about you, lightning is apt to single you out about once every 1,000 years. But don't be alarmed, it might require 2,000 years for the bolt to get around to you.

"As for the residents in the house perilously perched upon the hill, the chance is one in several million that they will be struck by the bolt that comes once every 100 years

"The bolt might tear up the roof, or even set it afire, but likely would encounter the electric house wiring and would be carried, impotent, to the ground, or it would hop onto the plumbing system and docilely speed off into the earth.

"Now if in view of all of this, your mental agitation when lightning flashes is not at all necessary. The safest place in your house is anywhere except where the lightning conductors are centered. Most plumbing and heating pipes run up and down in the middle of the house. Keep away from the walls in which they run. Do not stand between two metal objects, such as a heating radiator and the plumbing pipes. There is nothing wrong with the superstition that bed is a safe place. Only that there are countless other spots—most any spot in the house—as safe.

"In the modern steel office building lightning can't even get the roof. Most roofs of such buildings are metal and are purposely brought in contact at some point with the steel framework and carry off any lightning that may chance to shoot down.

"Perhaps the question of the efficacy of lightning rods has never been fully settled in the public mind. Lightning rods are now to be seen chiefly in the country. There is a lightning rod on nearly every house in the cities, though it may not be visible to the eye. Every plumbing system has an air-vent—a pipe—that runs upward to, if not through, the roof. It serves exactly as the lightning rod which pricks the air on the farmer's house."

Miss Charuoy Lilachat, the Siamese Film Star, in a Striking Costume.

Miss Maria Bard, the German Film "Vamp," in Habiliments Hardly More Voluminous Than the Primitive Clothing of the Siamese Girl.

Siamese Film Star's Costume Hardly as Scanty as European Screen "Vamp's"

BETWEEN Bangkok, Siam, and Munich, Germany, there is a wide divergence of customs, manners and costumes. Yet in the matter of scanty screen costumes, there seemes to be a marked similarity.

Miss Maria Bard is the screen star of Munich. Her picture is shown on this page. Her costume is revealed as the minimum which a lady can wear without being practically nude. The accompanying picture might be that of another Munich screen star, if a similar scantiness in costume were the basis for judging. But it is a likeness of Miss Charuoy Lilachat, the film star of Siam. The difference between the two costumes is this: Miss Bard's was made up for screen use, Miss Lilachat's is just an animal skin. In the streets of Munich Miss Bard would hardly dare take a promenade in the costume she is shown wearing. In Bangkok the girls might appear like Miss Lilachat without attracting undue attention.

However, this is a state of affairs which is not likely to last for very much longer in Bangkok. In common with most other cities of the Orient, it is rapidly being Westernized. The young women of Bangkok are gradually being lured away from the primitive habiliments they have worn for centuries. The dresses of the more wealthy ones are coming from Paris and London, and are the same which are worn by the girls of those cities.

The King of Siam has always been very partial to Western modes and ideas. It is an interesting fact that the motion picture business in Siam was started by Americans, who discovered that the Siamese were most devoted screen fans, and spent all their savings witnessing films which the United States had long since seen. With Siamese capital, part of which the king himself is said to have contributed, a film company was started with native personnel as far as the performers were concerned, but operating with American and French directors, camera men and technical staffs.

The first problem presented to the new company was to get a popular screen idol. The company resorted to methods quite common in the United States. Through the medium of a Bangkok newspaper a beauty contest was held, and when the judges had looked over the hundreds of entries, Miss Lilachat was the choice. The first all-Siamese picture was completed within a few months, and the occasion of its showing was an event in Bangkok. The king was present, and music was played in the theatre by the Royal Siamese Band.

In this connection there was an amusing incident. One of the Americans present made the discovery that the Siamese musicians played a variety of jazz comparable to, but much more striking than that which was then in vogue in he United States. Ignorant of procedure, he approached the leader of the band and signed him up for an American vaudeville tour. The king heard about it and was much amused, but he withheld the necessary permission for the trip. He enjoyed his band too much to permit their departure for even a short tour.

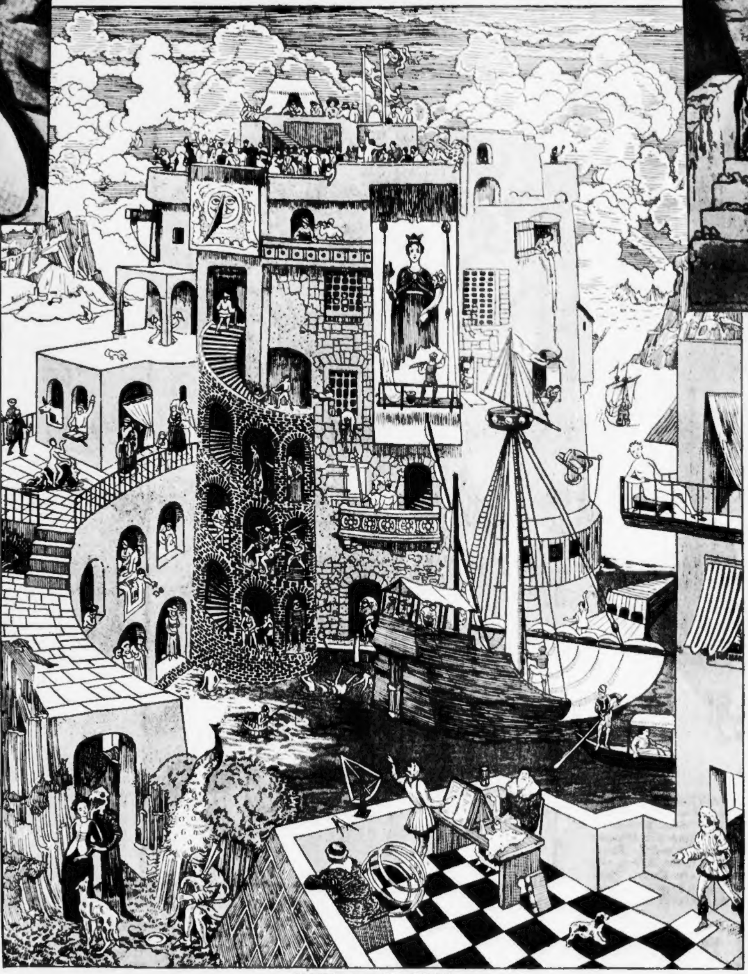
Miss Lilachat sprang into immediate popularity in Siam. She has appeared since her debut in over a dozen films, all based on Siamese folk tales. Her pictures are shown in the most remote stretches of the Siamese country. In villages which are not important enough to have a motion picture theatre, her films are shown in wagon-shows which consist of large motor trucks fitted with screens and equipped with folding camp stools. The wagon-show hits a Siamese community, erects a canvas enclosure in the principal part of the village, sets out the chairs, and invariably does a turnaway business. All the Siamese save their money for the visits of the movie-wagons.

Why We Seem To See Things That Aren't There

Science Discusses the Strange and Not Thoroughly Understood Faculty of the Human Brain to Build Up Pictures of Fantastic and Unreal Creatures and Situations Which Sometimes Influence Us as Powerfully as If These Mental Fantasies Were Real

Strange Spiritual Painting in Which the First Signs of Artist Sims's Mental Collapse Became Apparent. It Was Titled "The Rebellious Spirit" and, So Far as Experts Could Ascertain, Was Meaningless.

The Sort of Creature Some Children See in Their Bedrooms After the Light Has Been Turned Out.—From Drawing by S. H. Sime.



Curious Painting by Rudolf Lehnert, the Well-Known Austrian Artist, Which He Called "The Tower of Madness." Herr Lehnert Has Depicted Modern Life as He Sees It.

On the Top Are the Care-free Rich, Enjoying Themselves in the Upper Airs Without Bothering About the Prisoners of Life Below, Who Are Peering Out of Their Cells Beside a Great Picture Symbolizing Brotherly Love, Upon Which an Artist Is Working. On the Staircase Three Sins Are Being Committed—Theft on the First Flight, Murder on the Second, and Slander on the Third. On the Left Platform a Woman Riding on an Old Man's Back Represents Feminine Domination, While a Demagogue and a Donkey Share Adjoining Windows Behind Her. Below, a Girl Is Bathing, and the Other Swimmers Are Splashing About Cheerfully Without Worrying About the World in Which They Live. In the Immediate Foreground, Earnest Scholars Try in Vain to Solve Eternal Problems, While the Female Figure in the Balcony Above Them Personifies That Most Complicated of All Problems—the Eternal Feminine.

MOTHERS and fathers know, when the little ones are tucked in bed and the light is turned off, that many of the youngsters think they see the forms of beasts and monsters creep in through the open window or emerge in terrifying form from the waste-basket. Indeed, these fathers and mothers themselves may still remember the wide-awake nightmares of their own childhood as they lay in bed too frightened to move, or buried their heads under the bed-clothes.

Such unquestioned and widespread phenomena of the human mind have not escaped the attention of Science. Recent study of why people seem to see things that aren't there has developed some very interesting facts.

Seeing things at night may, indeed, be a sign of genius. On the other hand, it may be a sign of something far less desirable, for the thin line that divides genius from madness is a line not always easy to draw. But, at the least, the ability to see things that aren't there, whether at night or in the daytime, is something that modern psychologists consider worthy of the most careful attention from their science. It may divide the human race, they suspect, into two groups of unlike kinds of mind. It may supply a whole new set of ideas and principles for the education of children.

Scientists have a name for this ability. They call it the "eidetic" habit, a word related to the ordinary words "idol" and "idea," and which means an image or an appearance. "Eidetic" people are people who see images; sometimes true and remembered, sometimes totally false.

Professor Richard Herbertz, the well-known Swiss philosopher, who recently has given much attention to this curious and probably important ability of many human minds to see images, retells the story of Wilhelm von Kuegelen, who described in his autobiography the terrors which assailed him at nighttime when he was a child. Lying in bed in the dark, that famous German reports, he seemed to see animals creeping out of the shadows around his bedroom. A great bear would be followed by smaller bears. Panthers, wolves, lions and other beasts joined the imaginary zoo. No wonder that the spectacle, for all that it was totally unreal, caused the severest terror to the sensitive child.

Millions of children all over the world experience, no one can doubt, similar visitors of the night. The significant point is that these things are not merely imagined. Many of the children actually see the unreal creatures, as truly and in somewhat the same way, scientists believe, as victims of delirium see the strange creatures of their dreams. Wilhelm von Kuegelen turned out, Professor Herbertz reports, to be an artist. At the age of eleven the child suddenly began to draw, and to draw well. No instruction was necessary. The mental twist which had led him to see imaginary beasts at night served, once it had found vent in drawing, to permit the boy to reproduce on paper what he was seeing all the time in his mind's eye.

Professor Herbertz has carried out a still more interesting experiment on children in the primary grades of the schools in Switzerland. Showing the child a plain gray card, like the mount for a photograph, Professor Herbertz then placed for a moment on this card a small picture cut out of an illustrated paper. The child was allowed to look at this card with the picture in front of it for two-thirds of a minute. Then the picture was suddenly snatched away, leaving the blank gray card.

About seventy per cent of the children, Professor Herbertz found, could still see the picture after it was gone. If asked to describe it, these children looked at the blank card and mentioned object after object in the original picture, precisely as though that were still visible. In some instances Professor Herbertz asked these children where a tree or house or other object was in the picture. The child promptly pointed to the thing in question; that is, to the spot on the gray card, now completely blank, where the object mentioned had stood when the picture was visible. These children, it was evident, could still see the picture after it had been taken away.

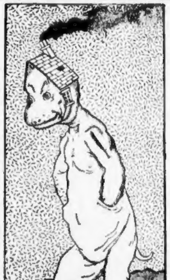
Contrasted with these were the thirty per cent of the children who lacked this eidetic power. These children, when asked to describe the vanished picture, closed their eyes or fixed them on vacancy; never on the blank card. To them the picture was recoverable only by an effort of the mind, in the same way that one remembers dates in history or the laws of a science.

Professor Eric Janesch, psychologist of the German University of Marburg, had even divided the fortunate eidetic individuals into two separate classes differing, he believes, in the precise ways in which they form these remarkable unreal images. There are relations, he also believes, between the type of image that an individual forms and the physical nature of that individual body, including especially the functioning of some of the bodily glands. But the majority of the psychologists are unwilling, as yet, to give full approval to these somewhat startling views which Professor Janesch propounds.

For Professor Janesch, Professor Herbertz and the psychologists elsewhere in the world who have become interested in the scientific study of this remarkable eidetic faculty which so many people seem to possess, the chief matter of interest is, of course, to discover how these recallable images are produced or fixed in the mind.

Students of the human eye know a good deal about an optical illusion called the "after image," illustrated by the greenish square which one sometimes sees on a plain white wall if the eye drifts onto the wall after having been staring for some minutes at a bright red square. This is usually interpreted as something that happens in the eye as a result of fatigue of vision. Tired out in its red-seeing ability by long looking at the red square, the eye seems to see the complimentary color as soon as it looks away.

Something of the same kind may be involved, Professor Janesch thinks, in the formation of eidetic images, like those seen by Professor Herbertz's pupils on the blank gray cards. But that cannot be more than a small part of the explanation.



Another One of Mr. Sime's Fantastic Imaginary Creatures.

It is possible to think of the creation of the mental image of something that is seen as though that were an act of hanging up somewhere, like a painting on a wall, a kind of mosaic picture resembling those sometimes made on pavements in office buildings by arrangements of tiny white or colored stones. By doing something resembling what the mason does when he makes one of these pictures, for example by turning over some of the stones so that their black sides show while leaving others to show white, the incoming messages from the eye may create the picture or image of an external scene in the brain.

The "mosaic" on some inner wall of the brain, set up by the eye impulses to represent an outer scene, may have any one of three different characters. For one thing, it may require to be reconstructed continually by new impulses from the eyes; as though a mosaic on an office-building wall kept falling down continually and required a gang of masons there all the time to keep it representative of whatever design was intended. Such people, this theory says, would be those who have none of the eidetic ability; they are the pupils who remember the store-window fact by fact, like remembering dates.

The second way in which the mosaic in the mind might work is different. In possessors of this type of mind the mosaic might persist for hours or even for days after it had been produced by the actual scene. The nerve cells corresponding to each tiny spot of the scene may be altered by the impulses from the eye.

Those cells may then continue, the theory says, to hold this altered character. Any time before the vision fades the owner of that kind of brain is able to turn back to those altered brain cells and actually "see" the original scene, precisely as it was seen at first.

It seems to be true, however, that there is a third way in which some people's minds can handle and create these mosaics supposed to represent, inside the brain, scenes visible to the eye. Apparently some minds have power to set up these unreal images without needing any outside scene at all. That would account for the bears and other animals seen by the young Wilhelm von Kuegelen in the dark. It would account, too, for many millions of similar hallucinations which people have believed that they saw and have described.

Only a few months ago there died in England the distinguished painter Mr. Charles Sims. He left a group of remarkable, highly imaginative paintings over which the artistic world has been disputing ever since. Some art critics assert that Mr. Sims must have been insane before he died. Some physicians agree. On the other hand, other artists and doctors hail these latest of Mr. Sims' productions as works of genius, beyond the appreciation of the ordinary individual.

Probably the real truth is that Mr. Sims, after a lifetime of using his image-seeing eidetic faculties for the ordinary purposes of painting pictures, began to hang up in his mind new, strange mosaics which he "saw" just as truly as ever, but which were produced by the mind itself, not by scenes visioned in the eye.

Those were what Mr. Sims painted before he died. Whether he was crazy or was merely seeing visions not vouchsafed to ordinary mortals is a matter of opinion.

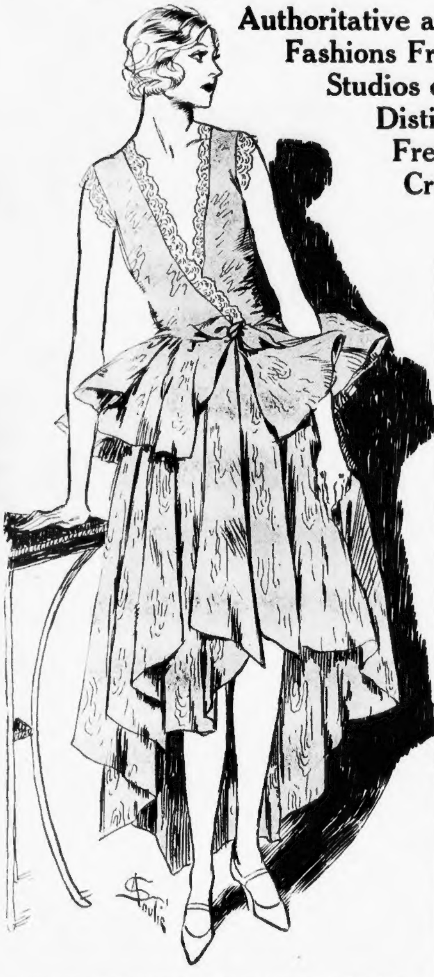
Medical literature is full of equally striking instances of hallucinations; of persons who saw so many things that were not there that people called them insane. Dr. E. D. Macnamara of the London West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases recently described, for example, five instances in which mentally deranged women believed that small parasites were escaping continually through their skins. These tiny creatures were actually "seen" by his unfortunate patients, Dr. Macnamara reported, some of whom went so far as to save bits of cotton fluff or tea leaves or other harmless objects and assert that these were the crawling creatures that had been seen. From such delusions to the maddest visions of delirium the step is not great.

Yet the step to some varieties of genius is scarcely greater. The famous physicist, Michael Faraday, he who is credited with the fundamental scientific investigations that made possible the electric dynamo, radio, the telegraph and most of the rest of modern electric science, possessed in extraordinary degree the ability to see things perceptible to the senses.

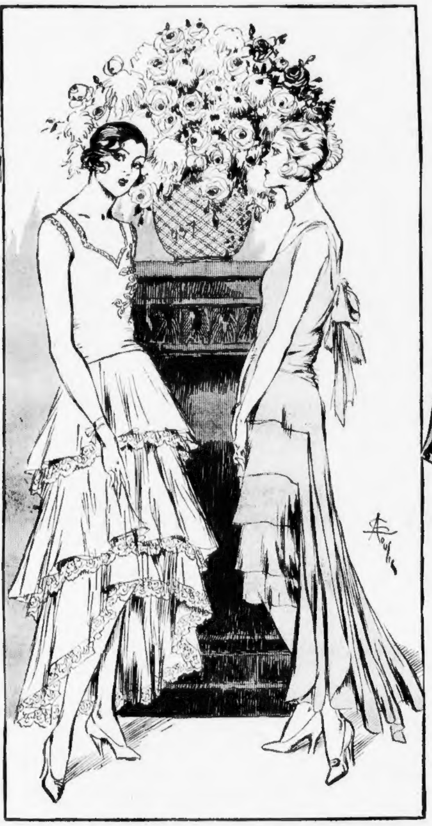
But the chief use of the knowledge that psychologists are gaining of these images will probably be, the experts expect, in education. To retain enough of the child's image-seeing ability so that he can draw easily and recall scenes easily, but not to let this ability grow to the margins of hallucination and delirium; that is the problem of the teacher who tries to help his pupils to make practical use of seeing things that are not there.

The New Party Dresses

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Most Distinguished French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, the Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

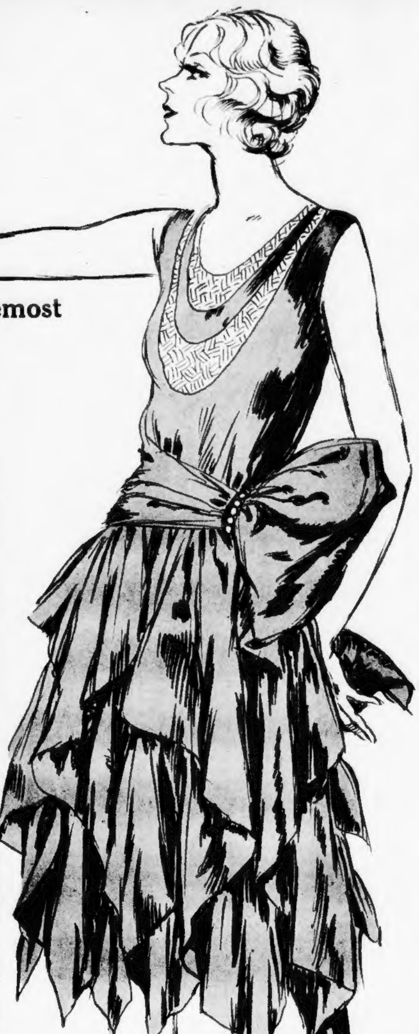


Some Young Girls Have Adopted the New Stiff Materials With Enthusiasm. Taffeta and Moire Are Better for Their Type of Evening Gown Than Heavy Satin, Which Is a More Adult Fabric. For Many Years Taffeta Has Been Considered a Typical Young Girl Tissue, but the Use of Moire for Dresses of This Character and Intention Is Newer. The Gown Sketched Is From Cecile Welly, Who Makes a Specialty of This. It Is in Yellow Moire, the Skirt Very Wide and Full, and Longer in the Back Than in the Front. The Bodice Is Fitted and Ends at the Natural Waistline. It Is Not Very Decollete, Which Only a Young Figure or a Very Slim Older One Could Wear.



In Contrast to the Gown in Moire Is This Flounced Welly Model in Pale Pink Tulle. Tulle Also Has Been Considered a Young Girl's Material Until Chanel Used It in Flat Layers, Giving a Silhouette That Is Almost Tailored. This Gown Is a Compromise Between the Two Ways of Using Tulle. The Skirt Is in Three Volants, but They Are Flat Ones, Not Gathered, and Each Is Made of Several Layers. All Three Are Edged With Pink Valenciennes Lace. The Fitted Bodice Displays the Slimness of the Waist, and Is Cut in an Old-Fashioned "Heart-Shaped" Decollete, Also Bordered With Lace, but Narrower. At One Side Is a Beautifully Made Bouquet of Silk Flowers in Pastel Colors.

For the Tall, Slim Young Girl There Is Nothing Prettier Than a Chiffon Evening Frock of Very Much the Same Type as Worn by Her Mother. This Model From Premet Is Particularly Pretty for Dancing, on Account of Its Long Trailing Panels in the Back, Which Float Out in a Charming Manner. The Color Is Turquoise Blue, but Almost Any Shade That Is Becoming Could Be Used for This Gown, Either a Pale Pastel Tone, the Leaf Green or Sky Blue That Are So Fashionable Just Now, or a Rose Pink, Corn Yellow, or Even Beige or Gray. The Skirt Is Cut in Five Sections, Each Making a Sort of Deep Tuck Across the Front, and Finishing in Long Rounded Panels in the Back. The Decollete Is Finished in the Back With a Bow That Ties at Its Point and Falls Below the Waist.



This Is a Model in Taffeta by Berthe Hermance. The Original Model Is in Black, but Any Rich Deep Color, Sapphire, Blue, Red or Green Would Be Appropriate. The Skirt Is in Flower-Like Effect. The Bodice Is Very Simple, and Cut Quite High in the Neck, but an Effect of Much Deeper Decollete Is Given by the Two Inset Bands of Lace in a Pretty Broken Design. A Wide Sash Is Tied at One Side in a Very Stiff Bow, Held in Place by a Ring Studded With Strass.

PARIS Dec. 24.

PRESENT-DAY young girls do not call their evening gowns "party dresses." I feel sure that they talk about their "dance frocks" instead. But there is a feeling of celebration and gaiety about the name "party dress" that has caused me to put it at the head of this article.

Young American girls have reason to thank their stars that they are not brought up like their French prototypes. The young French girl is a very unimportant person in French society, though, of course, she may take a prominent place in the life of her own home. Since the war, the barriers that shut her in from contact with the world have been perceptibly lowered; but our young people would feel like organizing a new Declaration of Independence, if they had to conform to as many rules and restrictions as the French girl of good family, before her marriage. For it is not her debut into society that emancipates her—she does not make any debut worthy of the name. It is marriage and an establishment of her own that makes her free of the grown-up world of society.

During the war, however, when the young matron of this Year of Grace 1929 was a school girl, even she found employment in a society that plunged into war work as if its life depended upon it, as indeed it did. And now, ten years later, some things of the freedom won by hard toil and suffering for that generation of young girls, has been freely accorded to this one. So that the jeune fille of the moment has a good deal better time than her elder sister had, and a much better time than her mother ever thought of having.

We find a reflection of this even in the big dressmaking establishments, which nowadays include young girls' dresses in their most important collections. There used to be certain houses catering to the very rich and fortunate jeune fille: Lanvin's, for example; but as a general rule, the regular collections of August and February were confined entirely to clothes for grown-up women. Nowadays there is very little difference between the dresses designed for sixteen, and those for thirty, or even sixty.

The robe de style is not by any means the type worn by the French jeune fille, though it still remains one of her favorite gowns for ceremonial occasions. She has adopted with enthusiasm the chiffon frock that is such a favorite with her elders. In one of the pale luminous colors, pink, turquoise blue, yellow, leaf green, it is perfectly appropriate to her.

There is a charming one from Premet sketched on this page, which has the special merit of looking well when one dances, on account of its long oval panels in the back of the skirt, and the hanging bow that decorates the tip of the V of its decollete. This type of frock is also good in lace, and very serviceable in this material, because lace needs only to be shaken out instead of pressed every time it is worn.

Lace, however, is really too adult for sixteen. It is so much worn by older women that chiffon seems a better choice. Georgette crepe is rapidly coming back into favor, and this is a good material for the young girl; just as youthful as chiffon, it has a little more weight and resistance to wear.

Taffeta has always been considered a young girl's material par excellence. Many party frocks are still made in this material which has been greatly improved in recent seasons. Here is a pretty model from Berthe Hermance, a house which specializes in this type of gown. The original model is in black, but a young girl has so much time for wearing black later on, that a color seems a far better choice for her. If she wears red well, one of the new brilliant evening reds would be charming for this model. It is not very decollete, but looks more festive than it is on account of the inserts of lace in the front of the bodice. The big sash bow at one side is fastened with a pin in the form of a ring of strass through which the silk is run.

When the new stiff evening materials, stiff velvet, moire, heavy satin, were reintroduced into the adult mode, young girls thought their turn had come. Stiff velvet and heavy satin are still hardly considered appropriate materials for the 'teens. But moire well used may be a delightful choice.

The gown from Cecile Welly is in buttercup yellow, a color that is equally becoming to blonde and to brunette, provided that the skin is fresh and clear and not at all sallow. The bodice is slim and fitted, surplice in front, and edged with flat silver lace. The skirt is enormous, and looks even bigger because of the double puff set on around the hips in true Eighteenth Century style. No one but a slip of a girl ought to wear this double puff. For her it will accentuate the slender suppleness of the fragile little body that rises out of it.

Somewhat easier to wear for the majority of figures, is the gown in tulle from the same house. Pale pink is the suggested color, but it would be equally pretty in any light shade, or in white. Tulle used always to be considered a young girl's material, and it was always used in fluffy ruffles style. Then Chanel, who is responsible for so many of our innovations, invented the tailored tulle gown, using it in many layers, flatly like a flat material, without gathers or flounces.

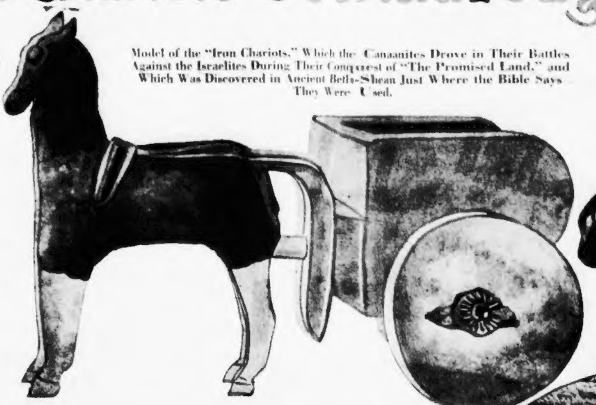
The gown sketched is a compromise between the two styles. The tulle is used in three tiers, or flounces, but flatly, in many layers, giving it almost the appearance of a stiff fabric. The outer layer of each flounce is edged with Valenciennes lace, dyed to match the tulle. The bodice is fitted to display the slimness of an adolescent waist, and it is cut in the old-fashioned line at the neck which used to be called "heart-shaped."

Narrow pink lace borders this line. At one side of the bodice is a beautifully made bouquet of French flowers, in mauve, rose and blue, with pale green leaves. The slippers worn with this gown were of Parma violet shade. Real violets might be substituted for the French flowers on the corsage.

All of these gowns are calculated to make their wearer look younger and prettier than she is always. What more could one ask of a party dress?

Found the "Iron Chariots" Joshua Fought Against

Remarkable Confirmation of the Israelite General's Story of His War Against the Canaanites Discovered in the Ruins of Ancient Beth-Shean of the Bible



Model of the "Iron Chariots," Which the Canaanites Drove in Their Battles Against the Israelites During Their Conquest of "The Promised Land," and Which Was Discovered in Ancient Beth-Shean Just Where the Bible Says They Were Used.

An Interesting Bronze Cat Unearthed in the Temple of Mekal at Beth-Shean.

A Bronze Dog Dug Up at Beth-Shean, Which Is Carrying Some Object in Its Mouth, and, Although 3,000 Years Old at Least, Looks Curiously Like a Modern Sealyham Terrier.

A Photograph of the Mouth of the Oldest Well in the World, Discovered by the University of Pennsylvania Museum's Expedition at Beth-Shean.

The Great Israelite General, Joshua, Commanding at a Battle Against the Canaanites for Possession of "The Promised Land." At the Front Are Seen the Iron Chariots Which Were So Much Feared, the Bible Tells, by Some of His Soldiers.

A Curious Vase or Jar Bearing a Grotesque Human Figure and Found in the Ruins of the Beth-Shean Temple.

THE Bible, in the Book of Joshua, mentions the "iron chariots" of the Canaanites. A model of one of these formidable war engines has just been discovered by the expedition of the University of Pennsylvania Museum, which is at work among the ruins of Beisan, in the Holy Land. The discovery is of importance because it confirms a disputed detail in the Biblical story of the Israelite's conquest of Canaan, sometimes called the Promised Land.

Readers of the Bible will remember that Joshua was the general to whom Moses gave the command of the Israelites at his, Moses's, death. Joshua is the leader at whose order, the Bible recites, the sun and moon stood still in the heavens. This was so Joshua could successfully finish a battle with the Canaanites. The Canaanites were the highly civilized people who had long owned what is now called Palestine.

The Israelites had no chariots. They had a few horses, but Joshua's soldiers mostly fought on foot. They therefore feared the rushes of the enemy in their heavy chariots, which were probably equipped with sharp scythe-like blades at the axles and were drawn by from two to four horses.

These "iron chariots" must have appeared to them much as the first tanks did to the Germans in the World War.

Joshua, according to the Bible narrative, had apportioned out a part of Canan to the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh, who were called "the Sons of Joseph." They complained that they had not enough land. Joshua answered them:

"If thou be a great people, then get thee up to the wood country, and cut down for thyself there in the land of the Perizzites and of the giants, if Mount Ephraim be too narrow for thee."

It was then that they told him of their fear of the Canaanites' "iron chariots." This is recited in the seventeenth chapter of Joshua, verse sixteen, as follows:

"And the children of Joseph said, the hill is not enough for us: and all the Canaanites that dwell in the land of the valley have chariots of iron, both they who are of Beth-Shean and her towns, and they who are of the valley of Jezreel."

In the times of Joshua Beth-Shean was a large fortified city. It had high walls of brick and stone. Its gates were guarded by strong tall towers which gave the defenders of the city a great advantage over besiegers. The gates were wide enough to allow, probably, the chariots to pour forth six abreast. During the progress of the centuries the pronunciation of the city's name slowly changed until now it has become Beisan.

There has always been much doubt about the existence of these "iron chariots," many holding that the term was figurative. By calling them "iron," it was thought that the writer of the Book of Joshua merely meant to convey the idea that they were very heavy.

There can be no doubt, however, that the model just found is one of an actual iron vehicle, the discoverers say.

And it is very remarkable that this model was found in Beth-Shean, the very place mentioned in the Bible in connection with them. Thus, slowly, bit by bit, archeological science is confirming the truth of the Old Testament narratives.

Beisan, or Beth-shean, was also one of the most ancient of cities. Some think that it was even older than Ur of the Chaldees, and that it, and not Ur, was the first city to be built after the Flood. The portion of the ruins in which the expedition is now working dates back at least to 1500 B. C.—almost thirty-five hundred years ago. Explorers have found many curious and enlightening relics of the Egyptian occupancy of the city, and a well which was constructed almost four thousand years ago, and which is believed to be the oldest shaft of its kind in the world. Some of the objects recovered were in this, but the most of them in and around the foundations of what was once a magnificent temple to Mekal, or Melkarth, one of the great gods of the Phoenicians.

"Immediately to the east of the southern part of the inner sanctuary of the temple, and of the small room containing the Mazzabah or sacred column," reports Dr. Allen Rowe, the director of the expedition, "we discovered a large room in which was a great circular fireplace built of stones. Three pieces of bent bronze wire, ashes, charred bones and horns were found in the fireplace, which must have been used for roasting the animals sacrificed in the temple to the god.

"Among the remains in the fireplace were also the upper portion of a figurine of the Goddess Ashtaroth (the Ishtar of the Babylonians), represented as wearing a wig and supporting one of her breasts with her left hand. The figurine has been scorched by fire, and seems to have been thrown into the fireplace as an offering."

The bronze wire found amid the charred bones and horns is in itself most unusual. These wires indicate, some think, that this ancient people may even have known something of electricity. It has been suggested that the priests used the wires to ignite the pyre on which the offerings were placed, thus filling with awe the worshippers, who must have thought they were beholding a miracle.

There is added interest in the discovery of the scorched figurine of Ashtaroth, represented as wearing a wig, supporting her breast with her left hand, evidenty cast into the fireplace with the sacrifice. This is the first instance known of a figure of the Goddess of Love and Plenty having been cast into the flames as a votive offering. That her worship was widespread, and that many evil practices were indulged in while worshipping her, is proved by the numerous castigations of the Israelites by their prophets for continuing the worship of Ashtaroth.

The burning, or scorching, of the image opens a wide field of conjecture as to the reason for casting it into the flames. Was it a survival of the idea that in this way they substituted the figurine for the bodies of infants, which, it is well known, were sacrificed in the rites of Phoenicia and Carthage, a practice which the prophets also reprimanded the Israelites for following.

Melkarth, another form of Baal, mentioned as introduced into Israel by Jezebel, wife of King Ahab, was one of the great deities of Phoenicia, was well known in Palestine, and worshiped there by those who fell away from the true God. The Baal was the earth-deity, favoring crops, fertility and increase of flocks and herds, as was Melkarth, to the Phoenicians, and at Beisan under the name of Mekal.

"From the same room in the Mekal temple also came a beautiful Syrian dagger of bronze, with the handle inlaid with wood, arrowheads, a knife, Cypriote milk bowls with wishbone handles, pots similar in shape to a modern flower pot, a serpent cult object, beads, dishes, corn mills and grinders of basalt, a limestone amulet, and a small opaque seal," continues Dr. Rowe.

"Just to the east of the room containing the fireplace we found a small room with a well, which was 13 feet deep and 2 feet 10 inches across. This Canaanite well, which was made at least thirty-four centuries ago, is the oldest well of its kind that I know of in Palestine, and was associated with the Mekal temple. Its sides are lined with brick to a depth of 39 feet, after which they are merely composed of the artificial debris into which the well is sunk.

"From rooms elsewhere came lids of alabaster jars, a small alabaster drinking cup on a stand, a steatite scarab, a seal of the same material, and other objects. The scarab is probably of Middle Empire date (2000 B. C.), and is unusually beautiful.

"The objects unearthed in the rooms of the temple belonging to the time of the Pharoah Seti I, are of great variety, and some of them have belonged originally to the temple in that level. They include cylindrical pottery stands, a small crude head representing a deity, a pottery tray, a filter stopper with its top divided into two compartments, arrowheads, inscribed Egyptian lintels, and scarabs.

"After completing the work in the Seti level, we commenced to clear away debris from around the main gate of the fort, and also to remove the Hellenistic and Roman debris which had intruded into the level of the Pharoah Rameses II.

"The northern part of the Rameses II gate had previously been cleared, and our present excavations have revealed the fact that there were two solid brick towers on either side of the entrance, thus showing the accuracy of the old Egyptian illustrations of Canaanite forts.

"Among the objects found in this area which date from the time of that king to a few centuries onwards must be mentioned a brick with impressions of a god's head on it, an iron arrowhead, an alabastar circular seal, a magnificent Cypriote oinochoe (a small pitcher for dipping wine from a crater), a portable incense altar, and a piece of pottery from the iron age. This latter object is most interesting, and has incised on it two sets of alphabetical characters. These we have not yet read.

"We were fortunate enough to discover the almost complete foundations of a great building which appears to be a Canaanite migdol, or fort-tower, and also the foundations of an adjoining building which may well have been the residence of the Egyptian commandant of the fort in the reign of Rameses II.

"The migdol was doubtless meant to serve as the last place of refuge in the fort for the commandant and his troops in case the outer fortification walls were breached.

"Egyptian scribes and craftsmen must also have been quartered in the fort, however, for we have now actually found the handiwork of one of these very scribes on a potsherd which was in the corridor west of the commandant's residence. This potsherd bears in black ink and written in the Hieratic character the following part of a religious text: 'Seby en Per-Deshrut,' the translation of which is 'The Fiend in the House of the Ruddy Beings.'

"The 'Fiend' is, of course, the god Set or Sutekh, and the 'Ruddy Beings' are his associates which included the hippopotamus, pig, crocodile and serpent. In passing, it may be mentioned that the hieratic inscription on the potsherd is the first brought to light at Beisan."

The fact of this inscription being in the Hieratic, or priestly writing, not the usual Egyptian hieroglyphic, points to the later period of Egyptian occupation of Beisan, and the text referring to "The Fiend in the House of the Ruddy Beings" is most valuable as proving the way in which the god Set, or Sutekh, was worshipped at this city. The cult of Set was one of the most ancient in Egypt, but in later ages he was regarded as the embodiment of evil. All desert animals were considered children of Set, and all animals with red hair or skins, and even red-haired men.

"In addition to the model of the iron chariot," continued Dr. Rowe, "we found in the migdol the nicely modeled head of a small pottery figurine of a king, wearing a false beard.

"Perhaps the most important, and certainly the most quaint object from the migdol consists of a small jar in the form of a squatting man, not unlike the Egyptian deities Bes or Ptah-Seker in appearance. Traces of a finger impression of the potter are visible on the top of the head.

"The brick building which we suppose to have been the residence of the fort commandant adjoins the northern side of the migdol and contains a room which we suppose was a lavatory. This is the first place of this description we have found in our excavations in Beth-shan.

"In the courtyard west of the residence we came upon an enormous cylinder-shaped silo built of bricks laid stretcher by stretcher. The floor of the silo is of bricks resting upon undressed basalt stones, and there also are stones below the circular wall itself and around most of the outside of the underground part of the structure. The present contents of the silo are 9,270 modern gallons.

"A very good pottery plumb-bob and a few pieces of pottery came from the silo, while in the courtyard itself were a small bronze dagger, lids of alabaster eye-ointment pots, beads, bowls with two loop-handles inside, the head of a crudely shaped Ashtaroth fiurine and fragments of cylindrical cult objects."

The expedition, encouraged by these important discoveries, is hopeful of a year which will even exceed the previous finds, and throw new light upon Joshua's battles.

ESSEX
THE CHALLENGER

Bids 1,000,000 Super-Six Owners to judge it

76 IMPROVEMENTS INCLUDE . . . . .

Longer, wider, roomier, more luxurious bodies—A big, adult-size Six with big car advantages—Power increased 24%—Above 70 miles an hour top speed—Above 60 miles an hour all day—Even greater economy—New type, double-action 4-wheel brakes, not affected by weather—4 hydraulic shock absorbers—Starter and electric gauge for fuel and oil on instrument board—Easier steering, greater riding ease and comfort.

Essex the Challenger, with 76 improvements, challenges the best that motordom has to offer, a challenge of interest to all who would own the best.

Essex was already a great car—a great car in pride of ownership—a great car in fineness and quality. Now it incorporates every advancement suggested by the experience of more than 1,000,000 Super-Six owners. They include larger bodies, greater stabil[illegible] big car advantages in appearance, comfort and performance

You can compare it only to costlier cars, because similar quality and detail is present only in high-priced cars, and absent in cars built to a price

A million Super-Six owners who guided us to this achievement will be first to want to judge it. We are proud to present it to them—and to all motordom. Come inspect and drive it. Your endorsement will speak for the whole motoring world

A BIG AND BETTER SIX

$695

and up..at factory

[illegible]

Tragic End to the Career of Elinor Wylie, Society Poetess

Real Life Thrillers Like the Startling Episodes of a Movie Drama in the Romances of Henry M. Hoyt's Uneasy Children

(C) HARRIS & EWING FROM WIDE WORLD

Nancy Hoyt Wynne, Elinor's Sister.

Young Morton Hoyt and the Wife Who Divorced Him After a Brief and Uneasy Married Life Together.

(C) HARRIS & EWING.

Elinor Hoyt Wylie, Whose Stormy Life Has Come to So Tragic an End.

"I Never Take a Dare!" Exclaimed Young Morton Hoyt—and Before the Astonished Eyes of Miss Eckengren, the Fellow-Passenger to Whom He Had Been Boasting of His Nerve, He Leaped Over the Rail of the Fast-Moving Ocean Liner and, Jauntily Waving His Cap and His Hand at Her, Hit the Sea With a Splash, and Vanished.

"When I died in Marylebone I was saying my prayers;
There I died all alone up four flights of stairs."

ELINOR WYLIE, poetess, novelist and all-around extraordinary woman, who wrote that verse, died recently.

She died not in Marylebone, but in Greenwich Village, New York City, and it was not four flights up, either, but only three, counting the basement. But what is far more remarkable, her death was the result of falling down four flights of stairs.

Many people have been able to prophesy with accuracy the hour, place and exact details of their death. For instance, residents of the death house at Sing Sing can do it with some confidence. But to tumble down four flights of stairs, one after the other and in [illegible] sequence (as they say in the moving picture scenarios), seems to be a record. Nobody has quite figured out how she managed to do it. This was only one of many unusual features of the short but original career of this interesting member of an uneasy family.

The famous Hoyt generation started off with about as solid and conservative foundations as anyone could imagine. In 1900, Henry M. Hoyt, a distinguished Pennsylvania lawyer and [illegible] moved to Washington with his wife, family and [illegible]. Mrs. Hoyt was Miss Anne McMichael, from one of Pennsylvania's oldest families. The Hoyts at once began to shine in Washington society, where Mr. Hoyt became the personal friend of President Taft and finally United States Solicitor General.

Elinor meanwhile had been most carefully educated at Byrn Mawr and at Holton Arms School at Washington. Near the Hoyts lived Rear-Admiral Philip M. Hichborn and his charming wife, very high in social circles. Their only son, Philip, Jr., a handsome and brilliant young man just starting on his legal career, was also considerable of a poet. Elinor wanted to be a poetess, an ambition she later realized, though it took three poetic husbands to accomplish it.

When they fell in love, the parents on both sides gladly gave their consent because it seemed like an ideal match. For four years it looked that way. The young husband was advancing with rapid strides in his profession and the wife led the gay life of a Washington society matron of the younger set, interrupted only by the birth of Philip Hichborn, 3d. But she was uneasy. Her husband, though a poet and devotedly in love, had to give much of his time and thought to his life-work instead of devoting it all to encouraging her poetic ambitions.

Right next door, unfortunately for all concerned, lived another poet, Horace Wylie, married, worth over a million in real estate, twenty years older than Elinor but with plenty of leisure for poetry.

One day, without warning, Elinor and Wylie eloped. The deserted husband and wife took the charitable view that poets are not entirely responsible persons, and tried hard to find and bring back the elopers to their forgiving mates. The couple eluded them, escaping to Europe, though the steamer was searched by the frantic and faithful Mr. Hichborn.

Though the pair lived openly together in Paris and the island of Corsica, no divorce proceedings were started because the wronged husband and wife felt that poetic people ought not to be treated like ordinary, prosaic wrongdoers. Then Elinor had a bright and original idea, worthy of a Hoyt. She insisted that Wylie must go back and have a six months' trial reunion with Mrs. Wylie. Horace protested in vain and suggested that it would be poetic justice for her to do the same thing at the same time with Mr. Hichborn. Elinor did not think that necessary.

Wylie did return, but after four months he ran back to his poetess soulmate in Europe. The scandal ruined both families socially and hastened the death of her father. Elinor was sorry, [illegible] the present [illegible] of their souls. Mr. Hichborn, faithful and loyal to the end, finally agreed to give her a divorce, but, instead, took a quicker way of setting her free. Wandering into a relative's house in Washington, he left a note [illegible] and killed himself.

This tragedy completely ostracized Elinor with decent people in America and, even in careless Europe, people were inclined to frown upon her. Elinor was so upset that she did one commonplace and sensible act. Her husband's death and Mrs. Wylie's final decision to be divorced made it possible to marry Wylie, and she did.

However, Wylie had, at Elinor's request, turned over almost his entire fortune to his wife during that trial reunion, and presently the elopers ran out of funds. It was then found that even poets and poetesses can't live on love alone. Therefore, after presenting him with two children, Elinor divorced her aging and impecunious flame.

Even that had to be done in a somewhat unusual manner. She selected the "divorce mill" at that time running merrily in Providence, R. I., causing her next marriage to be of somewhat dubious standing. Time heals and people are inclined to forgive and forget if given a chance.

Elinor had the right to resume her maiden name and obliterate all mention of the shameful episode that had ruined and killed a faithful husband. Instead, she ingeniously found a way to flaunt it perpetually in everyone's eyes by choosing Elinor Wylie as the pen name for her verses and novels now at last being published. Besides, her maiden name, there were available those of two respectable men she had married, but to the end of her life she always preferred to be addressed and written about under the name of Wylie.

Perhaps such behavior by one member of a family was enough to make most of the others so erratic and uneasy that some of them came to be known as the "mad Hoyts." It is said that the authors of "The Green Hat" and "Declassee," two plays based on characters who always insisted on doing crazy things for no visible reason, defended the plausibility of their works by pointing to the "mad Hoyts."

Elinor's oldest brother, Henry M. Hoyt, had married Alice Parker, daughter of Mrs. Richard Wayne Parker, of Hutton Park, New Jersey. Mrs. Hoyt managed to get used to his unusual family habits, but it embarrassed her to have the neighbors continually viewing them with wonder and alarm. So she persuaded her husband to move into Greenwich Village, where peculiar behavior does not attract so much attention. He was a portrait painter and, like the rest of them, somewhat of a poet, so he belonged in that atmosphere anyway.

One day, with no more warning than his sister had given poor Hichborn, Hoyt left her. He did not elope, but moved into the next world by turning on the gas.

"Hoyt mania" was the only explanation his widow could give as with the [illegible].

[illegible] youngest brother, Morton Hoyt, succeeded in adding to the family tradition by jumping from an ocean liner just because a girl dared him to. He was chatting on the deck with Miss Elsie Eckengren, fresh from a Swiss finishing school and, like himself homeward bound for Washington. Morton was entertaining the young lady with wild and, it seemed to her, somewhat improbable tales of what original and daring persons his family were. Among other things, he asserted that he never "took a dare."

"If I dared you to jump overboard would you do it?" she asked, teasingly.

"Why certainly!" said Morton.

"Well, then, I dare you to."

"All right, here goes," cried Morton, and overboard he went, jauntily waving his cap and hand at her, hit the sea with a splash, and vanished.

Miss Eckengren screamed an alarm, the S. S. Rochambeau turned in a great circle and slowly steamed back along her course. It was foggy and there seemed to be small chance of finding the jumper. After about twenty minutes, the captain himself, from the bridge, spotted a bobbing head. A boat was lowered and Morton fished out, much exhausted and very happy to be rescued.

Young Hoyt was not given the chance of parading the deck as a romantic hero. He had done not only a crazy, but a most inconsiderate act, causing the wasting of a precious hour, costing much money and nobody knows how much inconvenience. But temperamental people never seem to think of those little things nor to care much when someone reminds them. In the hope of teaching him to think of others the young man was kept virtually a prisoner in the ship's hospital all the way to New York.

"Yes, I dared him to jump, but I never thought he would really do it," said little Miss Eckengren in reply to questions of the annoyed ship's officer.

Morton had already attracted some attention by a short and uneasy married life with Eugenia Bankhead, daughter of former Senator Bankhead and sister of Tallulah, the Washington society girl who has achieved considerable success on the English stage. In one of her recent hits she played the part of a peevish bride and tore her wedding dress off on the stage, an act worthy of her temperamental sister-in-law, Elinor.

Elinor Wylie's sister Nancy has not had an altogether serene matrimonial career. The news reports from Washington told how on the very day set for her wedding she changed her mind and [illegible] Clarke, [illegible] Navy, without giving any official explanation. Three years later she married the near bridegroom's cousin, Gerald A. W. Wynne.

Meanwhile Elinor had married William Rose Benet, a well-known poet and critic, and under his guidance several novels and volumes of verses attracted favorable comment, establishing her as a writer of poetry and prose. The marriage was made uneasy by the exposure of the Rhode Island "divorce mill," and the possibility for some time that her divorce from Wylie was illegal.

Last year at Henley, England, Elinor visited friends at a house with four flights of stairs which for some reason seemed to make a great impression on the poetess and caused her to repeat that verse about dying alone up four flights of stairs. And then that queer accident happened.

Apparently, while alone on the top floor, she felt faint and fearing that, after all, she might prove to be a prophet, she hurriedly started down stairs and fell all the way down one flight.

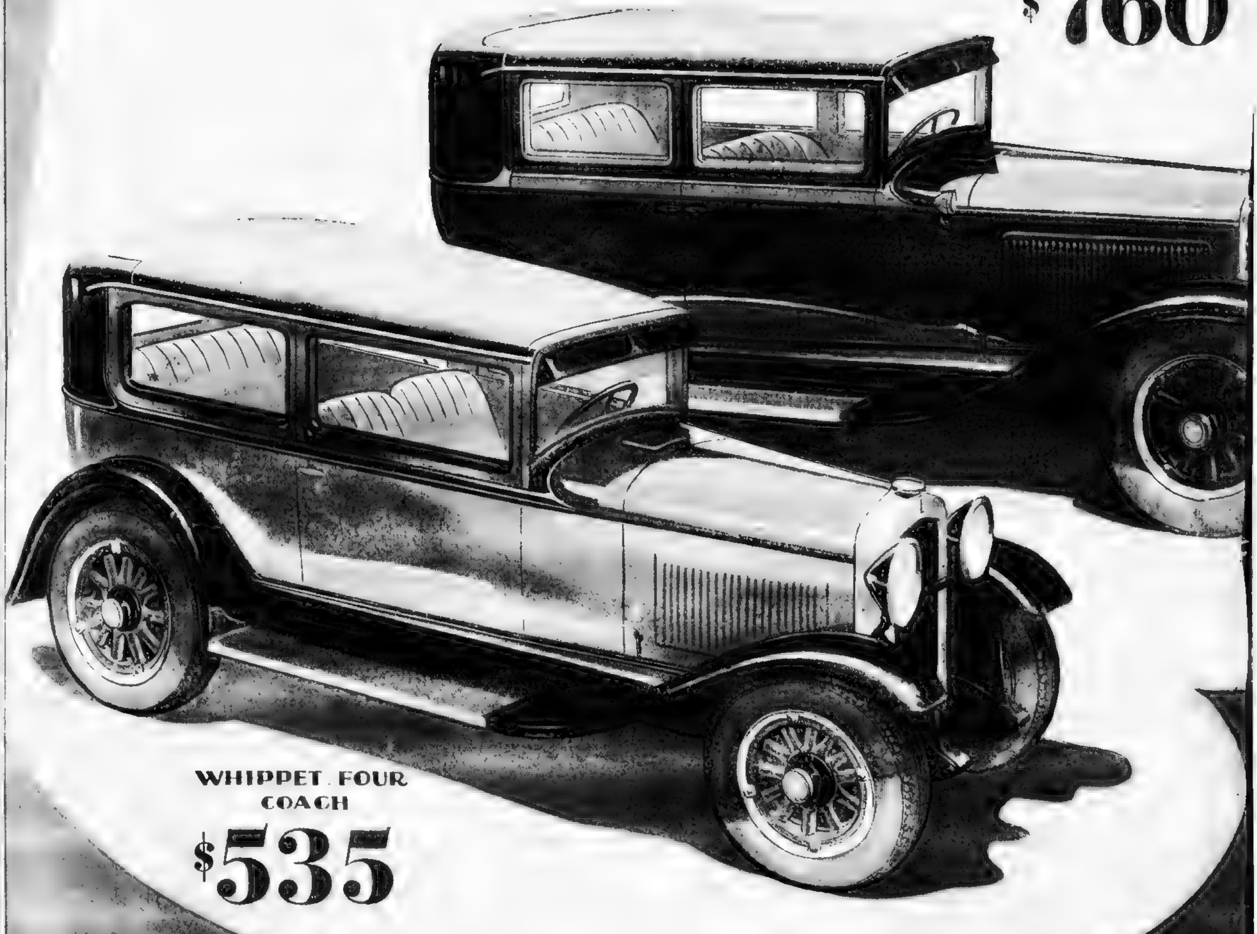
That was not remarkable. Anyone can fall down one flight of stairs. But in some manner that would stagger even a poet's imagination, she must have picked herself up, walked along the hall to the top of the next flight, tumbled all the way down that and then repeated the painful proceeding twice more till she finally reached the very bottom of the house. Fortunately that was all the stairs there were.

Besides no end of bruises and lacerations, her back was so badly injured that she was under medical care almost continuously until her death the other day. She died from paralysis, caused, the doctors said, by that fall.

Englishmen come from long distances to view the famous four flight down which an American poetess fell and to marvel, and admit, that Americans are a remarkable people.

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

THE NEW S



WHIPPET SIX SEDAN

$760

WHIPPET FOUR COACH

$535

THE STYLE CREATION OF MASTER DESIGNE

BOSTON WHIPPET KNIGHT CORPORATION, 533 Commonwealth Avenue,

CAMBRIDGE BRANCH—1695 MASSACHUSETTS AVE., CAMBRIDGE, MASS

[illegible]—Morrison Motors Co., 77 Linden St
ARLINGTON—Arlington Knight-Whippet Co., 20-22 Mass. Ave.
ATLANTIC—Dennison Motor Car Co., 45 Atlantic St.
AUBURNDALE—T. F. Melody Co., 255 Auburn St.
[illegible]—[illegible] Knight & Whippet Co., 147 Parkway
DORCHESTER—Dorchester Knight & Whippet Corp., [illegible] Road
EAST BOSTON—Sumner Motor Sales, 143 Sumner St.
EVERETT—Everett Knight & Whippet Co., Cor. Broadway and Revere Parkway
MALDEN—Ferry St. Garage, Ferry St. and Eastern Ave.
MATTAPAN—Morash Sales & Service, 1594 Blue Hill Ave.
MEDFORD—K. G. Lewis Co., Inc., 28 Mystic Ave.
MELROSE—Smith Bros. Garage, 467-469 Main St.
QUINCY—Hancock Square Motor Co., 31 Adams St.
REVERE—Crescent Motor Sales, 429 Broadway.
ROSLINDALE—Bowers Motor Sales, Inc., 20 Belgrade Ave.
ROXBURY—Westminster Motor Car Co., 3012 Washington St., Egleston Sq.
ROXBURY—Westmin
SOMERVILLE—Some
STONEHAM—Stoneh
WALTHAM—Mollica
WEYMOUTH—Cote
WOBURN—Federal

WILLYS-OVERLAND, Inc. Zone Office, Park Square Bldg., Room 209, Bo

R S

SUPERIOR WHIPPET

FOURS ◆ SIXES

INTRODUCING THE NEW

"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

THE MOST NOTABLE ADVANCE IN DRIVING CONVENIENCE SINCE THE SELF-STARTER

This week Willys-Overland presents at the National Automobile Show the outstanding light car achievement—the new Superior Whippet, one of those epoch-making advances that change the trend of automobile history.

In modish design, the new Superior Whippet is as far ahead as the first Whippet was ahead in engineering advantages. With longer bodies, higher radiator and hood, low graceful lines, one-piece full crown fenders, mechanical 4-wheel brakes, rich, harmonious colors—the new Superior Whippet establishes an ultra-modern trend for Fours and light Sixes.

Larger, Roomier Bodies

More spacious interiors, with 3 inches added leg room, together with longer springs both front and rear, and form-fitting seats, insure maximum riding and driving comfort.

"Finger-Tip Control"

The Superior Whippet is the first car to offer the new "Finger-Tip Control;" a single button, conveniently located in the center of the steering wheel, controls the starter, the lights and the horn. Illustrations at the right clearly explain the operation of this wonderful new improvement.

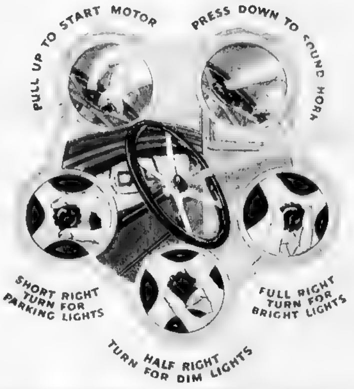
New Mechanical Superiorities

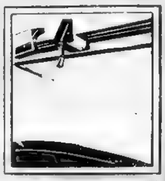
The Superior Whippet's higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower, with resultant increase in power, speed and flexibility. Higher second gear speed gives faster pick-up. Low consumption of gas and oil, plus dependable performance, result in outstanding operating economy and minimum service and upkeep costs.

A demonstration of the new Superior Whippet Fours and Sixes will give you an entirely new idea of light car beauty and performance. An immediate order will aid in early delivery.

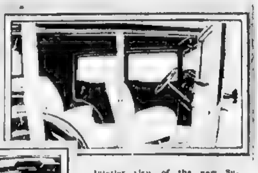
Whippet Four Coach [illegible] Coupe [illegible], Sedan [illegible] Roadster [illegible], Touring $475, Commercial Chassis [illegible]. Whippet Six Coach [illegible], Coupe $695, Coupe (with rumble seat) $725, Sedan [illegible] Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras). All Willys-Overland prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

Willys-Overland, Inc., Toledo, Ohio


PULL UP TO START MOTOR
PRESS DOWN TO SOUND HORN
SHORT RIGHT TURN FOR PARKING LIGHTS
HALF RIGHT TURN FOR DIM LIGHTS
FULL RIGHT TURN FOR BRIGHT LIGHTS

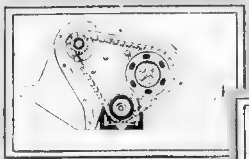


The new windshield control on the Superior Whippet operates by a worm and wheel so that the windshield may be quickly and easily wound open or shut with one hand.



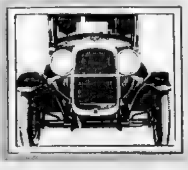
Interior view of the new Superior Whippet Sedan. Both front and rear compartments are more spacious and comfortable. The broader seats are form fitting and deeply upholstered. Note the exceptionally wide door openings.

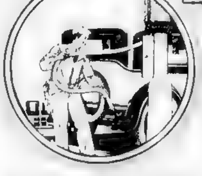
The new Superior Whippet has an artistically smart instrument panel, with the instruments neatly assembled in a new and stylish clustered design. Indirect lighting.



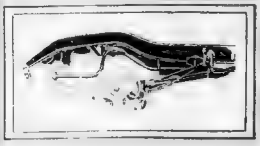
Another costly car feature of the new Superior Whippet is the silent timing chain which drives the camshaft and auxiliary shaft on the Superior Whippet Four and Six, and which assures quiet, smooth operation.

Front view of the new Superior Whippet, showing the higher radiator and hood, the larger and more smartly shaped lamps, and the sweeping one-piece full crown fenders.





The new Superior Whippet is amazingly economical in its consumption of gas and oil. The gas tank is located at the rear, away from the heat of the engine.



Showing the longer rear springs of the new Superior Whippet. Both the front and rear springs have been considerably lengthened, thus materially enhancing the car's smooth riding qualities. Coupled with the increased wheelbase, these longer springs make for greater riding ease and comfort.

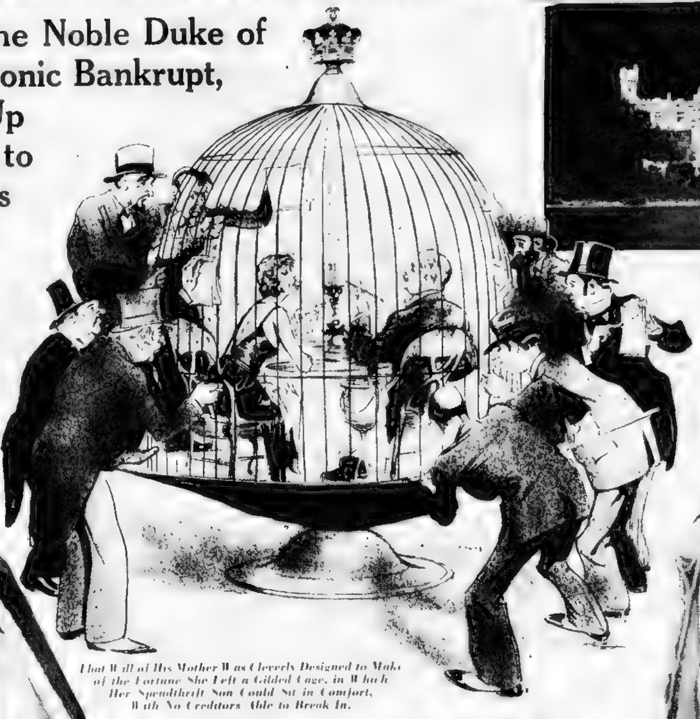
Boston

Motor Car C[illegible] Hall
, Knight & Whippet Co., Cotter Sq
Overland Co., 1 Brock St
tor Sales 14 Pine St
Washington Sq
or Co., 4 Salem St

ton

With a Millionaire's Tastes and a Meagre Pocketbook

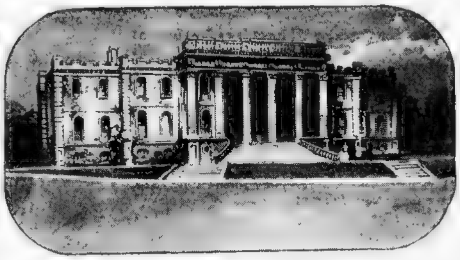
But His Grace, the Noble Duke of Manchester, a Chronic Bankrupt, Keeps on Piling Up Debts and Hopes to Pay His Creditors About Two Cents on a Dollar, Perhaps



That Will of His Mother Was Cleverly Designed to Make of the Fortune She Left a Gilded Cage, in Which Her Spendthrift Son Could Sit in Comfort, With No Creditors Able to Break In.

Kylemore Castle in Ireland, With Its Vast Estate, Which the Duke's Rich American Wife Bought but Later Disposed Of.

His Grace the Duke of Manchester, Photographed in His Robes at the King's Coronation.



Kimbolton Castle, One of the Establishments of the Duke of Manchester.

The Duchess of Manchester, Formerly Helena Zimmerman, the American Heiress, Who Does Not Find It Convenient to Live with the Duke.

"ALTHOUGH it may be difficult [illegible] Bank [illegible] other day as he [illegible] aristocratic fea[illegible] allowance at this [illegible] he has been a peren[illegible] with [illegible] [illegible] tum[illegible] written [illegible] other [illegible] that [illegible] Duke [illegible] Duchess [illegible] mil[illegible]lions, should have contributed more generously. But he had learned her [illegible] it [illegible] said [illegible] the Duchess on one occasion turned over [illegible] million to smash [illegible] dropping a [illegible] ocean.

This time His Grace [illegible] went through his pockets and tossed in [illegible] jewelry, toward paying on the [illegible] When they asked gloomily if that [illegible] he explained that he had been as careful and economical as a D[illegible]

For instance, there was a modest little item of $1,000 for doctor's fees. Nobody could blame a Duke [illegible] [illegible] and to go [illegible] but the point was not raised formally.

The Registrar made no objection to [illegible] but his eye fell upon an item of [illegible] early $5,000 owed for tennis balls and rackets. Need a bankrupt Duke go in for tennis and, if so, why run up such a prodigious bill? Being a married man, His Grace could hardly have been courting Miss Helen Wills or [illegible] with such a [illegible]

It was very [illegible] Duke's lawyers. It seems that the ex[illegible] doctor [illegible] and therefore the only way for the noble patient to get his money's worth from that thousand dollar fee (if he had paid it) would be to take the doctor's advice. Whenever he plays he likes a new racket and a fresh box or two of balls.

Considering that the Duchess was paying her own bills and was in America anyhow, there seemed no necessity, even for a Duke, to order $6,000 worth of dresses which he could not pay for. Nor did the Registrar grasp the need of charging up $14,485 worth of jewelry of which [illegible] worth to turn over to [illegible]

A bill of $915 for [illegible] of clothes appeared reasonable enough for a Duke but why, at the same time, must he invest $1,350 in hosiery?

"W[illegible] plained a creditor. "[illegible]

His Grace, if he heard [illegible] question ignored [illegible] Duke's lawyers mentioned [illegible] sank $55,000 [illegible] who can't pay his bills to give what [illegible] money to [illegible] even if the charity was any good?" they demanded. The lawyers did not deign to answer.

Another detail which the plebeian minds of the creditors could not fathom is why, with the Duke going further into debt to the extent of $1,-[illegible]80 for his private establishment at Gloucester Gate, he was simultaneously "getting into" a hotel to the tune of $5,000 more. The more ragged [illegible] knew that [illegible] could not or would not pay for either.

[illegible] other fancy items and noting that in the Duke's previous bankruptcy, the creditors had to be content with about five cents on the dollar, the Judge made his observation about behaving like a gentleman and declined to discharge [illegible] bankruptcy for at least three years to come.

His Grace was not at all upset by the adverse decision. If the Duchess wanted to fritter away $50,000 on creditors and lawyers, in an attempt to get him out, it was her worry and their worry and anybody's worry, but not [illegible] Registrar know [illegible] proper behavior [illegible]

That the Duke has a millionaire's tastes and a beggar's pocketbook is perhaps not entirely his own fault. The Duke's father was a spendthrift just like his son and set the boy a noble example of how to throw money away on wine, women and song and never to pay bills. His mother, who before she became Duchess was the famous American heiress, Miss Consuelo Yznaga, went around paying up for [illegible]

[illegible] had made of things, the Duchess laid shrewd plans to save her son from the poorhouse. Calling [illegible] most resourceful lawyers of England and the United States, the Dowager Duchess asked them to devise a will, fixing things so that no matter what the young Duke might commit in the way of extravagance, he would still always have an income of $10,000 a year to fall back on. The legal experts concocted one of the most ingenious of all the so-called "spendthrift trusts" designed to defy the natural law which parts a fool from his money. The mother died happy in the belief that this had been done for her darling boy.

The Duke at once began to get rid [illegible] Besides that annual $10,000 there were securities which came into his hands and were promptly sold. Then there were estates in Ireland and elsewhere, entailed so that he could not sell the property itself [illegible] their income, instead of being employed for life, he could sell for a lump sum, a mere tithe of what they were worth, and he did. One year the Irish estates declared an extra [illegible]

[illegible] on his title by marrying M[illegible] [illegible] itors, as he had seen his American mother do for his wastrel father. But this Duchess, after learning the Duke was spending $10,000 for theatre tickets and $20,000 for dinner parties, [illegible] to throat [illegible]

But for a long time the Duke [illegible] aged, as the saying is, to [illegible] that he was spend[illegible] even though it was [illegible] caused others to [illegible] credit. Also [illegible] people to really believe that [illegible] Duchess had pried the noble hands from the Zimmerman bank roll.

When the recent bankruptcy started, the Duchess, instead of rescu[illegible] [illegible] crossed the seas, an[illegible] that [illegible] was going [illegible] be a [illegible]

Dazzled by the name William Angus Drogo Montagu, Duke of Man[illegible] [illegible] He [illegible] organized the "International Educational League" which was to make Biblical, historical, educational and other uplifting films for every school in the country.

[illegible] the short and sad [illegible] of this League the Duke met and "touched" every wealthy Ameri[illegible] [illegible] Mrs. Mal[illegible] he picked up [illegible] notes, which [illegible] creditors, [illegible] His Grace [illegible] was in rather [illegible] tor, and as crowning [illegible] Canadian hotel so far forgot its manners toward a noble Duke as to [illegible] stopped on the [illegible] of a steam[illegible] he had not paid its bill.

Returning to New York, [illegible] money and [illegible] Those [illegible] had been [illegible] it was well [illegible] and money-lending circles that the Duke's $10,000 a year had been carefully protected against their attacks by a high legal fence. [illegible]fore, no money-shark loaned [illegible] and no creditor tried to garnish [illegible] Even the Receiver in Bankruptcy [illegible] But the [illegible] not [illegible] into the hands of [illegible] Hamilton, who sued the United States Trust Co., which had be[illegible] under the will.

[illegible] learned that the trustees were directed to apply the income [illegible] to the Duke but [illegible] cut him off in favor [illegible] should attempt [illegible] the fund or if anyone [illegible] to attach it or if he [illegible] bankrupt.

[illegible] was a torment that for [illegible] had not [illegible] to the Duke, [illegible] Montagu [illegible] the cleverest [illegible] "spendthrift [illegible] ways of providing [illegible] to lend money to a Duke.

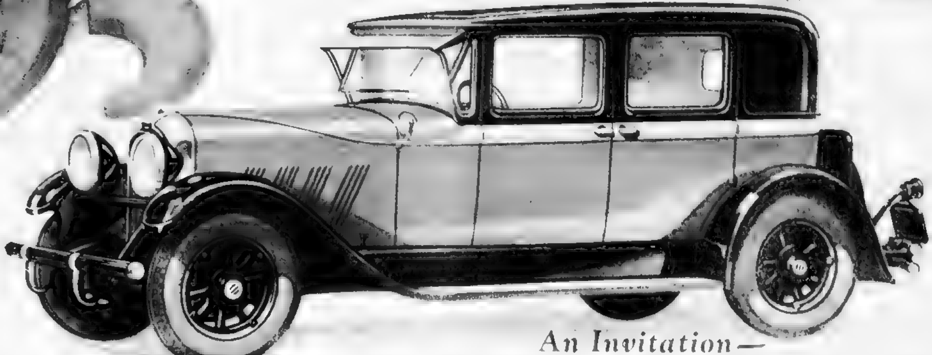
1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

$995

120-Inch Wheelbase
Four Door Closed Car

SIX

Longest, Strongest, Roomiest Car in the World Under $1000



Lycoming motor. St[illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] Four chassis lubrication. Hydraulic internal expanding four wheel brakes. [illegible] bodies. [illegible] mohair upholstery and luxury [illegible] [illegible] lever type [illegible] Lower center of gravity. New type [illegible] ignition wire. Steel running board. Electro lock. Starter button on dash. [illegible] plate glass.

An Invitation—

When [illegible] the deep cushions, and relax [illegible] yourself.

When [illegible] appointments [illegible] head and leg room

The [illegible] the motor and quietly, smoothly [illegible] glide over the road.

It [illegible] would not believe this car sells [illegible] if you did not know it.

Thousands [illegible] Auburn [illegible] demand [illegible] the longest, strongest [illegible] car in the world under $1000 [illegible] gives you as much [illegible] efficiency and endurance [illegible] is to be found in the car itself. [illegible] accept our invitation you too will know why Auburn gives you [illegible] most for your money.

NEW
SERIES MODEL 8-90
STRAIGHT
EIGHT

- 125-inch Wheelbase
- Powered-by-Lycoming
- Four door closed car
- Strongest [illegible]
- Dual carburetion
- Dual manifold
- Bohnalite steel strut pistons
- Bijur chassis lubrication
- Four-wheel, hydraulic internal expanding brakes
- Four hydraul[illegible]
- Brewster non-glare [illegible]
- Starter button on dash [illegible]
- Luxura type upholstery [illegible] and genuine [illegible]

No Car Under $2,000 Can Compare With *This* Eight!

Record-breaking success has crowned the efforts of Auburn. A success that has influenced the trend in engineering and design throughout the entire industry. As great a tribute as imitation is, even that is not what spurs Auburn now to even greater attainments. It is our sense of appreciation and responsibility to the public. Auburn won its growing patronage by one and only one method—by building a better car and giving greater value for less money. The mere announcement of this new series at this sensational price has opened up a tremendous new market of buyers who have long wanted an Eight. This Eight costs less than most better Sixes and is as economical as a Six. And it will bring a higher resale price than a Six.

Auburn Automobile Co., Auburn, Indiana

Prices f. o. b. Auburn [illegible] Connersville, Indiana. Freight and Equipment Extra

$1395

STRAIGHT EIGHT

More horsepower than any other stock car per size.

AUBURN

8-80 Sport Sedan [illegible] 8-80 Sedan [illegible] 8-90 Sedan [illegible] $1195 8-90 Cabriolet $1145 8-90 Victoria [illegible] 8-90 Speedster [illegible] 8-90 Phaeton Sedan [illegible] 120 Sport Sedan $1295 120 Sedan [illegible] 120 Speedster [illegible] 120 Phaeton Sedan [illegible]

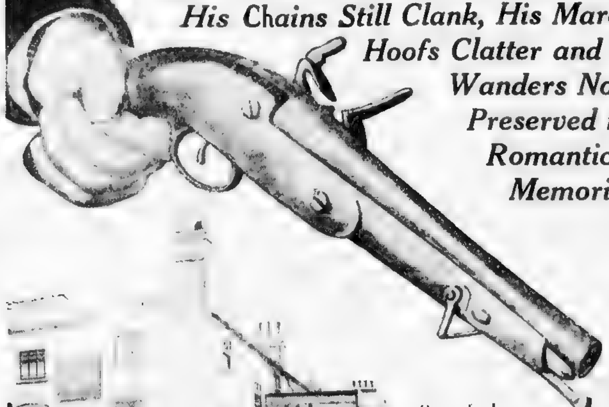
HINCHCLIFFE MOTOR CAR CO.

1040 COMMONWEALTH AVE.

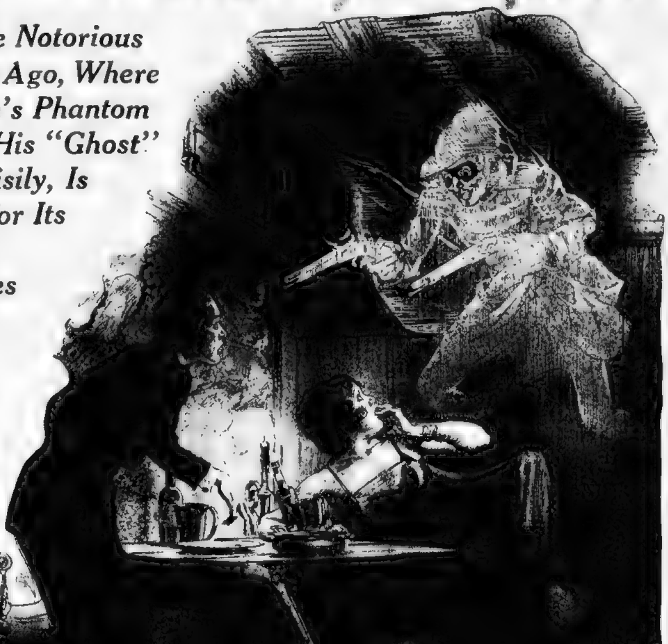
[illegible] Brockton Garage Co., 389 Warren Ave., Brockton, Mass. [illegible] Fall River, Mass. [illegible] Lynn, Mass. [illegible] Northampton, Mass. [illegible] 91 Broadway, Providence, R. I. Holyoke Auburn Co. [illegible] Quincy Auburn [illegible] Mass. Leonard Johnson [illegible] Bland's Auto Exchange [illegible] Springfield, Mass. [illegible] F. H. Kinney, 752 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

Dick Turpin's Historic Hide-Out Saved by His "Spook"

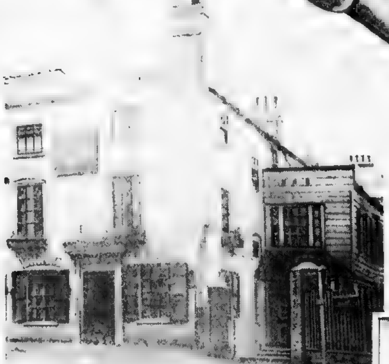
The Old English Inn Where the Notorious Highwayman Lurked Two Centuries Ago, Where His Chains Still Clank, His Mare's Phantom Hoofs Clatter and His "Ghost" Wanders Noisily, Is Preserved for Its Romantic Memories



One of Turpin's Two Pistols Which Held Up Scores of Victims Before He Was Caught and Hanged.



One of the Slightly Fuddled Young Revelers Picked Up Turpin's Pistol and, Waving It, Challenged Him to Appear, Whereupon, Assert the Witnesses Gravely, There Was a Prodigious Clanking of Chains Behind the Wall and Out of It Sprang the Phantom of the Highwayman, Brandishing His "Spook" Pistols and Shouting With Laughter—and Suddenly Vanished in Mid-Air as Abruptly as He Had Appeared.



The Picturesque "Spaniard's Inn," Highwayman Dick Turpin's Old Hiding Place.

The Secret Cupboard of "the Spaniard's Inn" Where Food Was placed for Turpin When in Hiding

A Blocked Up Entrance to One of the Mysterious Underground Passages Under the Inn of Which Turpin Made Use When the Law Was After Him.

D[illegible] ...wayman, with pistols, the clattering ghostly hoofs of brave Black Bess, and [illegible]

[illegible] back in the eighteenth century, w[illegible]

[illegible] for the old [illegible] wandered [illegible] and the [illegible]

[illegible] ve or [illegible] about [illegible] psychi[illegible] with the [illegible]

[illegible] where old [illegible] the haunting of the inn were nonsense. [illegible] Turpin, I defy you to come [illegible] with one of Turpin's pistols which are relics of the inn.

Almost instantly, they say, there was a prodigious clanking of chains [illegible] wall, and out [illegible] the phantom [illegible] brandishing [illegible] "Spook" pistols [illegible] with laughter [illegible] suddenly [illegible] air as [illegible]

[illegible] ways [illegible] All had been [illegible] room was damp [illegible] inn [illegible] con[illegible] Mr. FitzPatrick, a psychic research expert [illegible] repute, [illegible] to investigate the facts [illegible] and [illegible] furnished the following report of a night spent at the haunted inn:

"I called on the landlord of the inn, Mr. Spencer, and explained the object [illegible] He asked me to s[illegible] for myself the nature of the manifestations.

"It was [illegible] midnight and we were sitting in the coffee room, when suddenly we heard the pad of [illegible] courtyard outside. Mr. Spencer [illegible] to front door [illegible] motor cars [illegible] along in the distance. Again we heard the pads, which were later followed by the clanging of chains, which seemed to come from the underground passages over which the Spaniard's Inn is built.

"Mr. Spencer and myself, with an electric torch, proceeded down the dingy staircase leading to the cellar. [illegible] looking [illegible] there was a succession of weird noises, this time coming from overhead. The cellar in which we were conversing is part of one of several [illegible] passages [illegible] Once more we tried to locate the origin, but in vain.

"Together Mr Spencer and myself searched every nook and corner of the foundations, but we could see nothing. After remaining there for nearly an [illegible] a sudden crash, and hurrying to the kitchen Mr. Spencer pointed to several pieces of broken crockery [illegible]

"We [illegible] when Mr. Spencer [illegible] to the [illegible] two large keys [illegible] The keys [illegible] to open a door [illegible] to a secret passage. Afterward, we made our way up a winding staircase to a bedroom in which Turpin was imprisoned. The windows of this room are still secured by the same iron bars which were installed to prevent Turpin's escape.

"At one end of the room is what appears to [illegible] space in the wall, which has since been filled in. Actually this was a trapdoor, which the ingenious Turpin made during his imprisonment, and which led to an underground [illegible] In the middle of [illegible] was a strange cracking of woodwork [illegible] us. The bedroom flooring seemed to be swaying and weird noises came from the direction of the narrow staircase.

"Though I was growing uneasy, Mr. Spencer appeared quite unmoved, and told me that he had had similar experiences on many occasions since he took over the [illegible] years ago. Our vigil for the ghost of Turpin continued long into the morning, and we had no thought [illegible]

"We [illegible] entered the saloon bar, where, to my host's and my own astonishment, we found [illegible] hours previously were in their usual place on [illegible]

"[illegible] the pad of horses hoofs, again accompanied by the clanging of chains. Once more Mr. Spencer opened the main doors and we went outside and all we could hear was the baying of a dog in the farm close by.

"So, forgetting the hoofpads and the other uncanny noises we walked toward a narrow railed-off strip of ground in the garden of the inn, where an unknown Spaniard is buried. Mr. Spencer gave his own version of the visitations of Dick Turpin's ghost.

"'I have not the slightest doubt in my own mind,' he said, 'that the Spaniard's [illegible] from all I have been told and [illegible] I have seen and heard [illegible] the ghost of Dick Turpin is still with us. I seldom go to bed early, and at night, when I am locking the doors of the inn, the courtyard [illegible] garden I distinctly [illegible] Friends of mine have also listened and [illegible]

"'Stranger still is my own experience. Often at midnight, when I am walking alone along the dark passages leading to the bedrooms, I hear a dangling of chains, rattling of keys and [illegible]

"These passages stretch for miles ex[illegible] Turpin [illegible] managed to reach outlying districts and keep clear of his pursuers.

"'Here is the little door at the top of the staircase up which Turpin used to have his food and drinks sent when he was concealing himself from the Bow Street runners. This staircase, over which the door is situated, led to the subterranean passage along which Turpin would tread after his meals. It is practically in the same condition that it was three hundred years ago.'"

The notorious Dick Turpin was born in Hampstead in 1706. As a lad he was apprenticed to his father, a butcher. Finding hard work disagreeable, he gave his attention to [illegible] robbery, the most ambitious form of crime.

[illegible] gang of highwaymen, who operated [illegible] Hampstead was one of the places where they executed the plans.

Turpin owed his rather long escape from hanging, the usual fate of highwaymen, to his charming manners, his agility and his excellent horsemanship. Very early in his career he learned, after robbing a farmer, that the man was really in need. He went back at great risk to himself and returned half the money he had stolen.

He usually treated women with great kindness, and risked capture rather than cause them hardship. He was not gentle with everybody, for when [illegible] refused to show where [illegible] money was hidden Turpin tied him to a hot stove to cure his obstinacy.

The officers of justice surprised Turpin and three followers in an al[illegible] house [illegible] jumped from an upper story on to his horse [illegible]

Once on the road he held up a magnificently dressed gentleman, who laughed heartily, and revealed that he was Tom King, another well known knight of the road. [illegible] partnership.

[illegible] Bow Street [illegible] London detectives were [illegible] conversation [illegible] he reached his pistol and [illegible] dead.

Perhaps the most famous of [illegible] exploits [illegible] ride to York on [illegible] Black Bess [illegible] any other incident, has probably established his lasting popularity with Englishmen, who think so much of [illegible] and horsemanship. Turpin had robbed a man of $500 on the road near Hampstead. Being then very notorious and industriously pursued by the authorities, he found that he was in danger of being caught. He rode north as fast as he could, to the city of York, which he reached in the evening, covering 190 miles in eleven hours.

The [illegible] of horses. Turpin declared that he could not have been near London [illegible] was, because he was at York. The [illegible] was found.

Turpin was [illegible] York [illegible] 1739. On his way to the [illegible] he bowed to an admiring throng. As he mounted the stairs to the gallows his right leg happened to tremble and he stamped it down with an oath till it was steady.

With the rope round his neck, he carried a loud and merry conversation [illegible] Then he threw himself [illegible] ladder and died in about five minutes.

His body was taken for use by the doctors, but recovered by the mob, who [illegible] The same cannot be said of any Prime Minister or statesman of his time.

[illegible] American Weekly, [illegible] Great Britain Rights Reserved.

The "MOVIE WAY" Replaces Old-Fashioned Methods

Get Into This

BIG PAY WORK

with my new amazingly simple

MOVIE METHOD

AT LAST—a quick, complete, fascinating way to learn Drafting, and learn it right! Experts acknowledge my new, simple, easy "Movie Method" (without the use of dark rooms or projectors) to be the first new idea in teaching Drafting in 30 years. It's the most easily-grasped, sound and sensible plan ever devised for Home Study instruction—so clear, so interesting, so practical that almost before you know it, you're through—have finished—and are ready to go to work on a Big Pay Job.

[illegible]

That's what the expert draftsman gets. And he's never out of work the year 'round—for he's the King-Pin of Industry—the man they've got to have. Not a wheel can turn, not a brick can be laid, not a wire can be strung, until the job has first been planned and drawn on paper by a draftsman. Why don't you get into work like that? Why don't you be a man they can't get along without—a Big Pay Man with a year 'round Big Pay Job? You can—it's easy—I'll show you how!

[illegible]

With my new copyrighted "Movie Method," I'll help you get ready for a Big Pay Draftsman's job so quickly you will be astonished. Spare time only needed. With my method—just like "slow motion movies," which are sent to you on printed pages—you see how it's done, and you do it yourself almost automatically. It's amazingly simple—yet so thorough and complete you learn Drafting from A to Z—learn it so you can sit in with the best of them on the Jobs that pay Big Money.

[illegible]

Don't sign up for any Drafting Course until you've investigated my amazing new "Movie Method." Mail coupon for Big FREE Book and Sample Lesson. See my great Earn-while-Learning Plan—see the big Professional Drafting Outfit you get at no extra cost—learn about my Nation-wide Job Service—my positive Money Back Agreement. Mail coupon NOW!

K. M. BOYD, *Chief Drafting Engineer*

The L. L. COOKE
School of Drafting
2160 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago

The 8 Smashing Guarantees of MOVIE METHOD TRAINING

1. Your money back after completion if you are not 100 per cent satisfied with the training and service
2. Practical, up-to-date instruction—the finest home training that money, brains and time can produce.
3. Complete set of genuine imported, fine quality drawing instruments without extra charge
4. Complete Outfit—drawing board, T-square, angles, protractor and other equipment, all full sized and standard. Also without [illegible]
5. Unlimited Professional Consulting Service to help you in your study and on your job.
6. Unlimited Employment and Better Job Service to help you get the kind of Drafting job you want and help you to promotion too. All Free
7. Subscription to Engineering Magazine to help you keep up-to-date. No charge for this either.
8. Diploma. Your Certificate of Efficiency. Given to you when your training is finished.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

K. M. Boyd, Chief Drafting Engineer
L. L. COOKE SCHOOL OF DRAFTING
2160 Lawrence Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Send me your book "Draw Big Pay in Drafting," also Sample Lessons, and tell me more about your "Movie Method," and the Employment and Better Job Service you offer. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State ....

Associated with the L. L. Cooke School of Electricity in Helping the Working Man Earn More Money

Into Thin Air — By Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk

A Thrilling Story of Love, Spooks and Mystery

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters

T[illegible]

"Before I finish," the Grand Galeoto Said, Ominously, "I hope to reach the author of the mysteries that have climaxed in the killing of Dr. Klotz."

CHAPTER XX.

Judge Mather's Confession

I[illegible]

Dr. Klotz Proved in His Usual Insulting Mood and Threw Judge Mather Bodily From His Office.

Notwithstanding my sincere deter[illegible] their duress, th[illegible] proved in vain. Encouragin[illegible] would [illegible] suddenly be an illiterate [illegible]owl, supposedly from some deceased ruffian, who would boldly announce [illegible] for a midnight escapade. One evening, *exempli gratia*, I woke to find myself [illegible] a broken club in my hand, while on the other side of the room a huge, burly fellow crouched in one corner, rubbing his head, and with a countenance which spoke eloquently of the most abject terror. Judging [illegible] the expression [illegible] tered needed [illegible] hood bully.

However, if my [illegible] were comparatively harml[illegible] *per contra* my fears were heighten[illegible] menace.

Five years ago, when I learned that Dr. Klotz had been appointed head of the newly organized Department of Criminology at the University, I found [illegible] time, [illegible] toward [illegible] stance brought us together [illegible], his overbearing, [illegible] titude [illegible] death [illegible] known [illegible] Salem Spook, matters came to a head.

Immediately thereafter I began to receive communications purporting to come from this rascal, who minced no words in writing on my pad, "You and me too we'll get even with Klotz. We'll get his goat."

I am quoting this uncouth message, signed and with the outline of a goat's head, exactly as it was written. It may be found among my papers in the second drawer on the right side of the desk in my study.

I shall now describe, as well as I may [illegible] which culminated in my murder of Dr. Klotz, and, though I do not wish to [illegible] Forces. For my fool[illegible] I have paid most [illegible]ously.

For the purpose of furthering certain investigations of the tricks of fraudulent mediums, I had sent for catalogues from houses which supply these detestable creatures with their machinery to perpetrate their vile impostures. Three days after the death of the criminal hereinbefore referred to as the Salem Spook, I was dumbfounded to receive a communication from a company in Chicago, thanking me for my order and assuring me that the material ordered had been forwarded by parcel post. That afternoon a package was delivered at my house, which I found to contain *inter alia* a gauzy garment treated with luminous paint, together with a small can of the paint itself. I was bewildered. Then in my pocket I discovered a plain record of the transaction, in the form of a money-order receipt. Yet I swear I have no memory whatever of having sent for the goods or making the visit to the post office. There is but one logical conclusion to be adduced; during my lapses of memory I had begun preparations for an offensive warfare on Dr. Klotz.

At Colonel Carrol's home, on the evening of July 13th, I vanquished my repugnance enough to attempt to warn the Doctor of his threatened danger. After his insulting words, which came very close to libel, my memory again lapses. I judge I must have rushed out into the street; for when I found myself once more at my good friend's, toward the conclusion of the entertainment, my clothes were streaked with dust.

I can only assume that the malignant Force, continuing its obscene japeries, succeeded in forcing me to penetrate into the house of Dr. Klotz, and thanks to its diabolical ingenuity, hoodwink the simple housekeeper.

Based upon the clarity of the circumstantial evidence, I am convinced that in a later lapse I stole the slates, upon which, it may be accepted as irrefutable, my own hand had previously written the message signed, "The Salem Spook." At the last tragic seance of Mrs. Peaslee, an unprincipled woman with undoubted powers in abeyance, I myself, for some concealed reason of the malign Forces, must have impersonated the alleged second apparition. After the seance was over, at any rate, I found concealed about my person the necessary paraphernalia for producing such an effect.

Veritas praevalebit. I am telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without extenuation, distortion, or concealment.

I come now to my final revelation.

I was like a man caught in the cogs of a machine, for the Force into whose hands I had fallen became almost hourly more insistent. "Got to finish with Klotz," it wrote through my hand and pencil. "He's lived long enough. We hate him, me and you too. We'll get his goat for the last time."

After vain attempts to warn Dr. Klotz by letter, for I would no sooner commence such an epistle than my hand would essay a series of low blasphemies, I resolved, at whatever cost to my pride, to see the man personally. He proved in his usual insulting mood and threw me bodily from the office. I need not detail the glee with which the malign Force communicated its comments on this occasion. "Well, wise guy, you got wised up, hey? Now will you make him like it? Are we pals now, yes or no? We got to bump him off. Ain't I right?" This extract, together with all the other messages, are filed as indicated, and may be reviewed by those in authority at the proper time.

I cannot describe my actions during the balance of the week. I may state definitely, however, that I retained full control of my organism, notwithstanding a state of super-excitation, until a late hour Saturday evening, when I decided, whatever the costs, to attempt a final explanation to Klotz of the encroaching danger.

My next direct memory is of coming on Sunday morning, in a disheveled condition, to the apartment of Professor Nollins. Though convinced that something had happened to Dr. Klotz, I was as yet unaware that the weight of the guilt rested on my own head. The remainder of Sunday and the sleepless night that followed, I passed in a state of agitation which can be better imagined than described. It was only on Monday morning that dim memories began to filter through and arrange themselves in convicting sequence.

Little by little I recalled approaching the entrance of West Hall, ascending the stairs, finding Dr. Klotz alone in his dark-room, grappling with him, and firing the fatal shot. More clearly, however, I remembered my frantic efforts of trickery to escape my pursuers; while, most vivid and harrowing of all, are my recollections of partially materialized malign Forces that hovered about me in the darkness of West Hall, whispering and gloating over the crime.

Thus I, and I alone, was responsible for the murder of Dr. Klotz. I do not ask clemency nor forbearance in the consideration of my crime. The guilt is mine; with deliberation aforethought I tampered with the foul and vicious Forces which lie in wait for man, only to lead him astray. Let me be punished in accordance with the dictates of the law which I have always, at least knowingly, striven to uphold. *Fiat justitia, ruat caelum.*

As I finished this astounding document, which had been duly signed and witnessed, I whistled softly. Lacey was watching me, his stubborn features screwed into a frown.

"And the cameo ring business?" I asked. "Did he explain that—unofficially?"

Lacey shook his head. "Wouldn't talk. Said it was his confession—take it or leave it."

"What do you think?"

Lacey pulled a bitten cigar from his pocket and chewed it meditatively. "What do you think?"

I threw up my hands.

Lacey gestured. "You can't build a house without timbers. Well, here's a house all right, but it ain't nothing but clapboards. Nothing to hold it up. This ghost stuff—I dunno, Perfessor."

He grunted, "But it sure splits everything wide open."

Another grunt. "Going to be home tonight, Perfessor?"

I calculated. "Not till after dinner."

"Might come up if 'supp'n e breaks. Yeah, I might come up."

Through the window the pavement was shining. The threatening clouds had opened and a thin drizzle of Summer rain deepened the depressing gray.

CHAPTER XXI.

An Unexpected Alibi.

STEPPING before the black curtains that divided Mrs. Hooper's dining room, the Grand Galeoto began abruptly, without apology or premise:

"On the night of the sixteenth of July, 1927, some forty-four hours ago, Dr. Klotz was killed in his dark room of the Criminology Department of the University. His body was discovered the following afternoon, with a bullet hole through the heart. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide."

In less than twenty seconds, by the simple utterance of three sentences, the Grand Galeoto had created an illusion. The prosaic dining room became a criminal court, with the crier's "Hear ye! Hear ye! Hear ye!" apparently still echoing. We of the audience sat as jurors; at us the prosecuting attorney hurled his charges. And on the vacant chair at his side, with its rounded arms for nervous fingers to grasp, writhed the invisible prisoner at the bar.

"Common sense," the ominous voice resumed, "tells us the verdict was absurd. Dr. Klotz was killed. He was killed, in all probability, by the same person responsible for the mysteries which bracketed his death."

I wondered if by some chance he had learned of Judge Mather's confession, and if all his solemn claptrap was to arrive at the conclusion already filed with the police.

"I propose to whip away these mysteries and make clear the motives and the methods of the killer."

It occurred to me that it might be a good idea to tell of my interview with Lacey. And yet we, Day, Ann, Rich and I, were evidently the jury. I decided to let the prosecuting attorney finish his charges before interrupting. Perhaps it would be better not to interrupt at all.

"Every crime has its motive, however buried and obscure. In the present case the killer may have had one or several. Conceivably he had been physically maltreated by Dr. Klotz; insulted past human endurance; his peace of mind destroyed."

Rich stiffened with sudden comprehension. "Judge Mather!" He did not pronounce the words his lips formed, but they were unmistakable.

"In any event, we may safely conclude the underlying motive was a desire for revenge.

"Already we know something about the hallucinator. We know he was small, narrow-shouldered, quick, strong, alert. We also know he possessed a certain knowledge of mediumistic tricks; that in all probability he secured some of his means of deception from the business houses that outfit the charlatans of the seance world."

I decided the Grand Galeoto must have known about the confession perhaps before Judge Mather took it to the police.

"We may say of his character that up to a certain point at least he considered himself above the law. He modeled his conduct on what seemed to him the higher necessities."

Higher necessities! Higher Forces!

(Continued on Page 22)

Sore throat

breeds in crowded, drafty places

Gargle when you get home

JOINED YET?

Get in the circle of men who've found the perfect shave—the cool shave with

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

Listerine

full strength

kills 200,000,000 *germs*

in 15 seconds

As soon as nasty weather sets in thousands are down with sore throat, colds, grippe, flu, or worse.

Don't be one of them. Gargle with Listerine full strength every day—especially after exposures to rain, severe colds and coughing crowds in public places—busses, street cars and movies. This simple act may spare you a costly and possibly a dangerous siege of illness.

Because Listerine, full strength, is powerful against germs—and sore throat, like a cold, is caused by germs. Repeated tests show that full strength Listerine kills even the stubborn B. Typhosus (typhoid) and M. Aureus (pus) germs in 15 seconds.

Realizing Listerine's power you can understand its effectiveness against the milder winter complaints caused by germs. Each year increasing millions rely on it.

Keep a bottle handy and at the first sign of trouble, gargle repeatedly. Don't hesitate to use it full strength. It is entirely safe in any body cavity.

If a throat condition does not rapidly yield to this treatment, consult your physician. Lambert Pharmacal Company St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The Safe Antiseptic

Fewer colds—*if you do this*

Millions of colds start when germs, transferred from the hands to food, enter the mouth. Therefore, before every meal, rinse your hands with Listerine. This effectually destroys disease germs. This simple act may save you a nasty siege with a cold. And it is especially important for mothers to remember when preparing children's food.

Grippe and "Flu" Relieved

Keep a box of Luden's Menthol Cough Drops handy — take one every now and then. Let it dissolve slowly on your tongue and breathe the menthol deeply and slowly. Quickly soothes irritated air passages, aids sore throats, relieves coughs. Tell your friends to do the same. Get Luden's today — in the yellow package — 5c — everywhere.

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

HOW TO DARKEN GRAY HAIR

Makes One Look Younger

Mad Money By Virginia Swain

Sylvia Sets Out to Marry Riches but Finds Something Entirely Different

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

SYLVIA BARTON, drawing teacher in a small Mid-Western town, has always wanted [illegible]

The evening she arrives at Jael's Greenwich Village studio she meets [illegible] Roland in the war, and Buddy Merrill, a young advertising [illegible].

Sylvia and Jael go shopping and meet Spencer Devlin, wealthy man-about-town, for tea. Jael is furious when Devlin pays more attention [illegible] share her apartment on a 50-50 basis and the girl accepts.

Buddy arranges an interview with Raymond, the famous costume designer. He offers S[illegible] as model with a[illegible] to submit designs, and [illegible]

Her first job at R[illegible] slow a dress b[illegible] Devlin.

Sylvia meets David [illegible], reporter and feature writer on the Gazette, who becomes interested in her.

At the Belles Lettres Ball there is a raid by prohibition agents [illegible]

[illegible] in Philadelphia, comes [illegible] Sylvia [illegible] into his arms and confesses that he is ready to marry her. [illegible] reach City Hall to be married the next day David tells her that he can't go through with [illegible]. David is [illegible], who is really one of the wealthy [illegible] family, because of what Jael has told him that Sylvia has discovered his [illegible] about the death [illegible] and decided to [illegible] to retrieve his [illegible] and left [illegible] nothing.

Devlin invites Sylvia, Jael, [illegible] and Buddy to spend Christmas at his camp in the Catskills. [illegible] the others are to [illegible] at the camp.

[illegible] of the expected [illegible] Madelon and David burst in. Madelon is looking for divorce evidence, but David, whom she [illegible] on the road, smooths things over [illegible]. Jael and the others do not appear. The next morning David and Sylvia leave in Spencer's car.

"I warn you, Sylvia, leave Jael's house," Bonita said, earnestly. "She is a cruel and dangerous woman."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Home Again.

THEY came into the town and drew up before the Gray Goose Inn. David went in for his luggage and brought it out. Then he started the engine and jumped out of the car again. "When I come back, don't ask any questions, but sit tight," he warned Sylvia, and ran back into the hotel.

Three minutes later he appeared again in the door, and came running toward her. He leaped for the seat and put his foot on the clutch. They shot off down the rocky street.

"What in the world?" breathed Sylvia.

"I've done it. Madelon can think what she likes; but she can never prove I wasn't in your party at the lodge."

"Why not?" Sylvia was burning up with excitement.

"Because I've just upset an ink bottle over the hotel register," said David.

For a moment the full significance of his statement did not break upon her. Then she [illegible] stood. "You've blotted out the [illegible]"

He nodded, bending forward over the wheel. They crashed over railroad tracks just as a train whistle sounded near at hand, and slid under the gates on the other side by a margin of a second. The train roared in behind them, but they were well forward on their road down the mountain.

"David!" cried Sylvia. "Are you mad? We've missed the train."

"I meant to miss it," was all that he would say.

She had to wait five minutes, before he would talk. When they had rounded a turn in the road and were traveling more slowly, "I didn't dare to stop, for fear the hotel man would follow," he explained. "It's a penitentiary offense in some states to deface a hotel record."

"Oh," she said wonderingly.

He spoke less excitedly now. "You see, Sylvia, so long as that record of my stay in the hotel existed, Madelon might convince a jury that—well, that you and Spencer came up alone. Now, she has only her word against the three of us."

Sylvia suddenly felt sick and cold. "A jury?"

David nodded. "She's still his wife, Sylvia. The law's on her side. And I don't like the look in her eyes."

Sylvia huddled down under the robes and stared straight ahead. But [illegible] nothing of the wild gray landscape of hills and canyons. Her mind faltered in a labyrinth of doubt and terror.

Near the Woodstock road, David spoke again. "I suppose you'd like to know how I managed to arrive, like the god from the machine. Well, Jael put me on the scent."

[illegible]

[illegible] she'd told me about the party, asked me to go, in fact, and I declined. But I thought she was going. Then, when I telephoned her yesterday afternoon, she said she'd quarrelled with Bonita and they'd both decided to stay at home. I knew Merr[illegible] wouldn't go without them, and that would leave you alone with Spencer Devlin. I said as much to Jael, and Jael said—Jael said five was a crowd, anyway, where you and Devlin were concerned."

Sylvia stiffened. "And so you rushed to Tannersville to save me from myself?"

David gave her a [illegible] glance. "Why, no, Sylvia. Don't be foolish. I came to save you from Jael. I could see it was her work. I knew you wouldn't be mad enough to go off into those mountains alone with him. So I grabbed a traveling bag and caught a train without stopping to think twice."

"And Madelon?" insisted Sylvia.

"I saw her in the lobby just after I'd registered and put my bag in my room. But she didn't see me. I went out into the yard and saw that big green car. I knew at once it must be hers, and I could never reach the camp before she did, since I didn't know the way."

"So you bought the groceries and started walking?" said Sylvia. "And she met you on the way and picked you up?"

He nodded. "Exactly. I got the groceries to support my story of being with you before. Apparently Madelon recognized me at once and was curious to see what I was up to. Otherwise she'd never have given me a lift."

"Everything would have been all right if only she hadn't seen that hotel book," mused Sylvia.

"Well," David soothed, "everything's going to be all right anyway. You can't sue for divorce on a suspicion."

They were leaving the Catskills behind and heading into the river lands to the east. Earth and sky were done in a morbid chiaroscuro of sodden light and shade. They said no more.

They flashed through the little river towns and began the long climb up Storm King Mountain. There was no fog today, only a cold, raw wind and heavy cloud banks.

On the bridge, the wind sucked their breath and stung their eyelids. Sylvia slipped as far down in the seat as she could and closed her eyes. It was like roaring through blind, unchartered space on a rocket headed for the moon.

When she opened her eyes, the lights of Peekskill were just ahead. David still crouched over the wheel in silence. Finally he spoke to her without looking at her. "I think we'd better stop at the next county seat and get married."

Sylvia sat up. "You think we'd better?"

"Yes, I do. I think it's utter nonsense for you to be running wild about the country side, looking for a millionaire. And I don't think you'd like him if you got him. You'd much better marry me and be content with my eighty a week. Anyhow, I'm not quite so poor as you think. They've found a later will of Aunt Sophie's."

"It isn't much of a legacy," David went on, "but it's worth maybe five thousand dollars. She's given me her little summer place at Westport, on condition I take her parrot and her Pekinese to live with me, and see that the Pekinese gets a teaspoon of cod liver oil twice a week.

"That means we could leave the city and spend six months a year at the seashore. Maybe by doing that we could save enough money to pay for a larger flat the other six months. The parrot is a hellion and the Pekinese hasn't any teeth. But they'd both die before many years had passed."

Sylvia burst out laughing. "You're very cool about it—mapping out my future for me. But even if I loved you——"

"'Even if you loved me,'" repeated David. "Do you love me, Sylvia?"

She looked at him mockingly.

He stopped the car and looked at her. "Let's drop the flippancy, Sylvia. You don't seem to realize you're in a tight fix."

Her eyebrows interrogated him.

He answered angrily. "With Madelon French on your trail—and a pretty warm trail at that—"

Sylvia interrupted him. "I begin to understand. You want to marry me to make an honest woman of me—or something of the sort. Well, it won't work, David. I'm going on to perdition in the way I choose."

He made no further argument.

The little lights on the taxicabs of Fifth Avenue were red and blue and green and purple, like the lights of a resplendent Christmas tree. All New York, full of good will and stuffed turkey, walked or rode lazily up and down in closed cars.

With their usual insolence the shops on the avenue had all rolled down their cream silk curtains, as much as to say, "They can't get away from us, anyway. We might as well take a day off." The Christmas crowds looked respectfully at the curtained windows as they passed.

Down this lane of Christmas cheer Sylvia and David rode with gloomy faces. It had been a long ride, and from Peekskill a silent one.

They had passed the Waldorf and were entering the less elegant purlieus of the lower avenue when David spoke: "I must say, Sylvia, that I think you'll regret this."

She laughed harshly. "You do flatter yourself, David. Do you mean that in turning you down, I'm missing the chance of a lifetime?" She fixed her mocking eyes upon his unsmiling face.

"Not at all," he answered. "I wasn't referring to myself. I think you'll regret running after Spencer Devlin, as you have. He never—well, he never makes his women happy; and he's gold-digger proof."

A slow flush mounted to Sylvia's forehead, and she felt as if she were going to choke. They were turning the corner at West Tenth Street.

David stopped the car and got out, but she jumped out before he could help her and reached for her bag. "You needn't come in with me," she told him. "And you needn't ever speak to me again."

He bowed without a word, handed her the bag and drove away.

Strangely shaken and sick, Sylvia stood on the steps of 91 West Tenth Street and looked up at Jael's windows.

She remembered that Jael would be waiting, bright and stony-eyed, for her return. She sat down weakly on the steps, with her bag beside her. She could think of no other place to go. But she could not face Jael's malicious curiosity feeling as she did now.

But there was another place. She remembered it with a rush of relief. And picking up her bag walked down the street to Sixth Avenue and turned toward Eighth Street.

Bonita's shop was closed, of course, and its dim night light showed that even the small assistant had shut up the old roll-top desk and gone off to plum-pudding and mistletoe.

Sylvia found Bonita's bell in the little entry way and pressed it with the violence of sudden anxiety. If Bonita was not at home, she must make another plan for the night. And she felt totally incapable of making plans.

Bonita—or someone—was at home. The clicker sounded and the knob turned under its control. Sylvia almost ran up the narrow stairs.

Bonita stood in her doorway, peering anxiously down the stairs. She was wearing a soft gray gown, and her hair was brushed carelessly back from a face even more pale than usual.

"Hello, Bonita," Sylvia called, with a touch of constraint. "Merry Christmas!"

The greeting was so patently inept that both women looked embarrassed.

Bonita was the first to recover herself. "Come in, Sylvia." She looked at Sylvia's traveling bag. "You've just come back [illegible]"

Sylvia nodded. She felt a deep reticence in mentioning the trip to Spencer's lodge. "I came back sooner than I expected," she said.

Bonita looked at her. "And Jael? Did she come back with you?"

Sylvia stared. Then she nodded. "So that was it. I wondered why you let Jael play me that trick. You thought Jael was going, Bonita, whether you went or not?"

It was Bonita's turn to stare. "Why, of course! Didn't she go?"

Sylvia shook her head. "Nobody went but Spencer and me, and I was saved from a rather nasty scandal by the grace of fate, I guess."

Bonita was all eyes. "I called Jael and told her I could not make the trip. I've not—been well lately. It never occurred to me that she would let you go alone."

Sylvia told her the story.

When she had finished, Bonita leaned forward, her face strangely alive and her eyes burning. "I've hesitated to tell you this before, Sylvia, for, after all, you are Jael's cousin. But now you know her as I know her. And I warn you—leave her house. She is a cruel and a dangerous woman." Bonita clasped her thin white hands in her earnestness. She might have been Trojan Cassandra pleading with her people to believe her prophecies.

Sylvia looked at her curiously. "You do know Jael very well, don't you, Bonita? She's hurt you, hasn't she?"

Bonita [illegible] and walked to the window without a word. [illegible] Sylvia went on quietly. "I've known for [illegible] that there was [illegible] secret between you two [illegible] Jael's afraid of you, Bonita. I can see it in her face whenever you're around. And [illegible]"

Bonita threw [illegible] in an exultant gesture. Her face, usually so pale [illegible] the face of [illegible] had given way to a demoniac beauty. "Yes! Jael's afraid of me. She ought to be afraid of me! The day will come . . . ."

She broke off, and a shadow

(Continued on Page 21)

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

BARBO
Skin Troubles
Cleared Up—Often in 24 Hours

Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Eruptions on the Face or Body, Barbers Itch, Eczema, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin [illegible] been tried and tested [illegible] Used Like Toilet Water. Is simply magical in prompt results. *At All Druggists—with Proven Directions.*

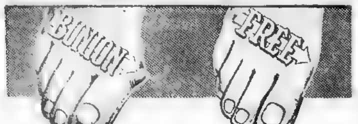
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST—You Can Rely On

Clear-Tone
TRADE MARK REG.
FOR SKIN AND COMPLEXION

10,000 Women Near You Want This Invention
"Cushions the feet like a pillow"
Agents!
MAKE $90 A WEEK EASY
Something new, just out, a whirlwind seller—the amazing Kristee Comfort Foot Mat. Great aid to housewives [illegible]
FREE OUTFIT [illegible]
KRISTEE MANUFACTURING CO. [illegible]

Help Wanted

[illegible]



Bunions Go In 15 Days
Clip This and Prove It NOW!

N[illegible] of medical science, [illegible] action of Pedodyne [illegible] perfectly [illegible] of the most [illegible] very next pair of shoes may be a size smaller — often two sizes smaller. Its action is amazing and you can prove it by actual test.

TRY IT AT MY RISK

[illegible] mail the Coupon so that we can arrange [illegible]

COUPON
KAY LABORATORIES
Dept. H 160
180 North Wacker Drive
Chicago, Illinois

Please arrange for me to try your Pedodyne Solvent for bunions, and to restore normal ease to affected joints.

Name..............................
Address..............................

Protect their Tender Skins and Silky Hair with
Cuticura

[illegible]

Soap [illegible] Talcum [illegible] Sold everywhere
"Cuticura," Dept. [illegible], Malden, Mass.
Cuticura Talcum is Soothing and Cooling.

The Daily Rest.

DO not forget to take a 15-minute rest period during the day if you would [illegible] for the [illegible]

DON'T LET PAIN KEEP YOU IN BED
What Are You Doing Here!

[illegible] instantly.

JAPANESE OIL!

For Colds
Rub Japanese Oil on Chest. It Breaks Up Congestion
Put a few drops on a piece of absorbent cotton and inhale. Your head and nose quickly free.

At your druggist or direct from us
NATIONAL REMEDY CO.
[illegible] Washington Street New York

Look! Bald Men FREE

One Full Ampoule of my amazing hair fluid which I discovered myself and which grew hair on my head.

This Ampoule is absolutely free. Don't send any money. There is no C.O.D. No charge whatsoever. All I want is an opportunity to show you how easily I grew hair on my own and hundreds of other men's heads. [illegible] mail the coupon below for Free Ampoule.

Here Is How I Used to Look—

I was just as bald as this picture. It is a true photograph without any fancy fixing [illegible] Then look at the full head of hair I have in the picture on the left.

As I have stated so often, I don't know whether I am the first man who discovered this great secret, but I do know I have it, that I grew my own hair and that I am growing hair on the heads of other men all the time.

Bald Men Grow Hair Quick!

Here is Brennan
Brennan while he was bald.

And Brennan after Vreeland grew his hair. Write and I will tell you Brennan's story and give you his address.

What I accomplished on my own head and on other heads I can do for you, provided you are under 45 years of age and loss of hair was not caused by burns or scars. Anyhow, I must succeed or you pay nothing. No apparatus. My home treatment is simple, quick, inexpensive.

Mail This Free Coupon!

Mail the coupon today—Right Now—I will send you, immediately, one full Ampoule of my marvelous fluid which I discovered, of which I hold the secret and which grew my own hair on my bald head. Besides the Free Ampoule of Fluid, I will send photographs, names and addresses of men and women who successfully used my Wonder Fluid for Dandruff, Falling Hair and Baldness.

Here is Wiseman
Wiseman was bald like this.

But Wiseman grew this head of hair with my wonderful hair growing fluid. All about Wiseman and how he did it, if you write. You will get his address, too.

Vreeland
1911 Euclid-Windsor Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio

FREE COUPON
Vreeland 1911 Euclid-Windsor Bldg. CLEVELAND, OHIO
Please send me, entirely free, one full Ampoule of the same Wonderful Hair Fluid which grew your hair.
My Name..............................
My Address..............................
State..............................

Japanese Water Rose
Amazing Mystery Flower
Superb mystic creations—imported direct from Japan. A real mystery. Fascinating novelty flowers that will mystify your friends. Each stock has a gorgeous rose and several buds of many colors. Beautiful beyond description.

Blooms Instantly
No waiting. No earth required. Just drop marvels in glass with water. The magnificent rose and buds unfold instantly—in 3 seconds. As if by magic you have a collection of Water Roses. Blooms guaranteed to last for months. Get these brilliant decorative beauties for stand or table. They add distinction to any room.

Special Offer
Special combination offer: 3 handsome flowers—3 beautiful colors—blue, yellow and red—and all 3 for only 25c. Be first in your neighborhood. Supply limited. Order today quick.

Mail Coupon Now! 3 for 25c

Free
This astounding shell flower. Resembles wild anemone. Some have one bloom—others two. Drop shell in glass with water and flowers unfold at once, just like Japanese Water Roses. See extra special offer in coupon.

ORIENTAL PLANT CO. Dept. 5001 Kalamazoo, Mich.
Enclosed find 25c (coin or stamps). Please send me postpaid special combination Offer: 3 Japanese Water Roses, Blue, Yellow, and Red. Money back if not satisfied.
Name..............................
Address..............................
City.............................. State..............................
EXTRA! Pretty Japanese Shell Flower. Worth 25c, but sent FREE with each order for 6 Water Roses, Red, Blue, Yellow, Pink, White and Lavender. Send 50c (Coin or stamps) and get this EXTRA Special Collection. Money back if not satisfied. Roses mailed postpaid. Send for them now.

Mad Money By Virginia Swain

(Continued from Page 20)

dimmed the radiance of her transformed face. "But I must not talk about that. I mustn't talk about Jael at all to you, Sylvia, except to warn you to go away."

Sylvia frowned. "If I go away, I can't even watch her. I'll be fighting her in the dark." She shivered, partly with fatigue and partly from formless fears.

Bonita spoke quite calmly again, sitting down at her cluttered desk. "Go away, and don't fight. Drop out of Jael's life. Don't give her any reason to hate you. This is good advice, Sylvia. You'll find it out." She began to arrange the papers in stacks and thrust them in the pigeon-holes. There were several bundles of letters tied with blue tape and marked with the wartime triangle of the Y. M. C. A.

Sylvia watched her silently. She was shocked to see the blue hollows under Bonita's eyes and the transparency of her hands. "You've been sick, Bonita." A flash of intuition urged her on. "You're terribly worried over something, Bonita. Won't you tell me what it is? I'd like to help if I could." She was standing by Bonita now, one hand on the shoulder of the gray robe.

The shoulder quivered. Bonita's face seemed for a moment to be breaking up in tears. But she fought them back. She gave Sylvia a searching look. "You can't help, Sylvia—not now. Maybe some time——"

"Is it your husband, Bonita?" Sylvia spoke very gently.

Bonita made a choked sound. She was reaching for a photograph folder that protruded from a cubby-hole. She handed it to Sylvia without a word.

Suddenly Sylvia remembered. She had seen this same laughing, handsome face before. This was the picture that she had found in Bonita's darkened room on the anniversary of her husband's death.

The man had a fine forehead and luminous, laughing eyes. The nose was straight, but perhaps too small and delicately chiseled. About the childish mouth there were unmistakable traces of weakness. But it was, withal, a charming face.

"He was very handsome," she said softly. "Where did he die, Bonita?"

Bonita sprang to her feet and stood in front of her. "That's just it. I don't believe he did die. The War Department telegram said, 'Killed in action in the Argonne engagement.' That's all the word I had."

Her eyes were burning again with that strange fire. "And a month ago, a Corporal Mullins, who served in his regiment, came to me and said he had seen Leonard—alive, that very day, walking on Fifth Avenue!"

Sylvia took her hand, as she swayed, unsteadily on her feet. "Bonita! It couldn't be. Why, darling, if he were alive he'd have come straight to you, wouldn't he? You mustn't let this upset you so."

Bonita seemed almost frantic with the weight of an old woe. "I don't know. I think he'd come here—but—he didn't! And the man couldn't be mistaken. He'd been Leonard's orderly. He saw him from the top of a bus, and ran down to overtake him. But it was no use. He was gone."

Bonita sank wearily into a chair and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Did you make inquiries of the War Department?" asked Sylvia. "Did they give you details of his death?"

Bonita nodded. "They wrote me that he was killed by a bomb, and that's why they couldn't tell me where he was buried." Her voice grew faint with horror.

Sylvia sat looking at her a moment. It seemed a gaucherie—almost an insult—to try to change the subject.

That night she slept in Bonita's bed, with one warm hand holding Bonita's cold one tightly. Towards dawn, Bonita fell asleep, too.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

A Warning.

ON the morning after Christmas, Maurice Raymond was always all of a flutter. On this morning he might expect an invasion of the wives, sisters and daughters of rich men armed with Christmas drafts upon his shop.

And on this day Raymond felt that the fastnesses of Winter were breaking up and that he might soon hold his annual clearance sale. In a few days now he might gird up his loins and plunge joyously into the battle of Spring. There was no man alive who thrilled more violently to the flirt of a straw hat over the eyes of April, or who could spin such lyrics in taffeta.

He had put on a new green necktie in honor of the day, and thrust a beautifully monogrammed green handkerchief in the pocket of his immaculate jacket.

He sent for Sylvia late in the afternoon to ask her to try her hand at a pajama suit for a March bride. "It must be chic but not sophisticated," he told her, "naive but not knowing—and all in white crepe satin."

She was leaving his office when he called after her. "We won our battle, after all, Miss Barton. Madame Clare tells me Madelon French has made an appointment for today. Her maid called up this morning to postpone it, because Miss French is out of town. You see, she couldn't stay away from us for good!" He beamed at her.

Sylvia walked straight to the telephone booth in the balcony.

"Sorry, Mr. Devlin is not at home," said Spencer Devlin's butler. "He is spending a few days at his lodge in the mountains."

Sylvia looked at her watch. The morning train from Tannersville had been in for four hours. One might have driven an automobile to town and back again that day, for the weather was warm and clear.

She fought an impulse to call Madelon's apartment, and the impulse won. But Madelon's maid told her primly that Miss French was out of town. No, she could not say where she was, nor how soon she would return.

Sylvia hung up the receiver. There was no time to think about it. But she modeled sport wear for Palm Beach without seeing or hearing anything that went on about her.

That night, when she had gone home braced for the encounter with Jael, she found an empty house. And hours later, as she lay in bed, staring into the darkness, she heard Jael come in with David Kain. She pulled the covers over her head.

The next morning she missed Jael again, for Katie said her mistress had had a late caller and was too tired to rise.

Sylvia scanned the morning mail eagerly. She knew what she hoped to find in it. But there was nothing from David and nothing from Spencer—only a voluminous letter from Etta Rumsey, her mother's friend in Bernadette. Etta had taken pen in hand to inquire as to her welfare, physical and moral, in the big city, and to voice a few complaints about hard times in Bernadette.

"You should be glad, my dear, that you went East and left this grubby, overworked town behind. One hears nothing but taxes and poverty on all hands. When the farmers are bankrupt, everybody else is, in this country." That was a good old catch phrase. Sylvia had heard it from early childhood, when the first rumblings of agrarian discontent were heard against the grand old parties of the past.

She threw the letter down on her desk, wearied with the jeremiad of the Middle West. Why think about poverty among the farmers, when all about her spread the glittering panorama of the richest city of America?

She walked all the way to work, because it was early and the morning was fine and it was good to lose oneself for a time in the imaginary concerns of all these men and women who rushed by so eagerly, bound for office or counting-house or department store.

Madame Clare met her at the door of the models' room. "We shan't need you for those sport coats at eleven. Miss French's maid just called up to postpone the appointment indefinitely. Wonder what's up there. The woman seemed almost distracted."

Sylvia's early morning spirits went down with a crash. Madame Clare, all unconscious of what she had done, walked away, swaying her satin-clad hips, and Sylvia went into the models' room. There was a scrawl from Raymond on her dressing table, "Come in and see me."

She went down the balcony steps at once and entered his office. The tailored secretary no longer presumed to block her way into his private room. This was one of the infinitesimal changes that had followed Raymond's announcement that she was to learn designing and gradually give up modeling.

Raymond was sprawled on the fitting dais, among bolts of Spring silks, pastel taffetas, black and white foulards, polka-dots and plaids. He was so like a helpless baby tangled in its swaddling clothes that Sylvia almost laughed aloud. He beckoned with a shell-pink finger, and she sat down on the dais beside him.

"What have you done with the bride's pajamas?" he asked solemnly.

Sylvia handed him the sketch she had made. He cocked an eye over it and held it at arm's length. Then he grunted and laid it on a chair nearby. "Rather good," he said. "You'll do—in time."

Then his face grew steadily more solemn. From solemnity it passed to anguish. You would have said that in another thirty seconds, Raymond—the Raymond of Broadway and Park Avenue—would be crying into his Spring taffetas, strewing salty drops over all those polka-dots and pert foulards.

Out of his woebegone face, his little eyes peeped reproachfully at Sylvia, and his chin quivered.

Sylvia was alarmed. "What is it, Mr. Raymond? What is the matter?"

He gulped and answered her. "It is hard that I should have to tell you. It pains me to the—to the heart." He seized on this organ after a moment of rhetorical gropings.

Sylvia's own heart began to pound. "Tell me. Please tell me what you mean. What has happened?"

He took out his monogrammed handkerchief with his shell-pink hand and pressed it to his brow. Then he drew a long breath and began. "I do not know what to say, Miss Barton. But I feel that, as a father of a family——"

Sylvia's restraint gave way under the suspense. "I know, a family in Westchester and a German police dog——"

He was too surprised to be really angry. "Yes, a very fine family, my dear."

"And I hope it's a good police dog, too," said Sylvia. She couldn't help it. "I do wish though that, as father of a family, you'd tell me what you have to say."

He mopped his brow again. It was quite wet. "I only want to say that I'm afraid, my dear, you haven't been very discreet—that you are—er—playing with fire, as the novelists put it. I'm afraid you're going to run into trouble unless someone gives you good advice."

Sylvia clenched her hands. But it was no use. You could not hurry him.

He gave her another sad glance. "You mustn't misunderstand. Don't think for a moment I believe you would do anything really wrong. But—the truth is, Miss Barton, when women go on the trail of another woman, that other woman had better watch out."

She gave him an agonized glance of questioning.

"It doesn't mean so much—to have the men beating the air for your sake. But when women get excited—it means just one thing. The woman they're after is playing fast and loose with their property."

Sylvia sprang to her feet. "For heaven's sake, Raymond, what women are after me?"

Raymond's little eyes rolled impressively in his fat cheeks. "My dear, you've been going around somewhat with Spencer Devlin. And last Monday, after you'd started for the Catskills, Madelon French called up and asked for you. When Madame Clare wouldn't give her any information, she asked for me, and she all but threatened the police, in trying to make me tell where you were. Of course, I didn't."

He paused for a moment to see how she was taking it, then added. "And there are others. That same day two other women called you, and Madame Clare said they were both excited. And this morning, still another woman called me and pleaded with me to give her your address. She had a foreign—perhaps a French—accent, and she was crying as she talked. Sylvia, my child, as a father of a family, I tell you that all this means danger."

Sylvia gave him a wild look and struck her hands together. "Go back to your family in Westchester, and let me alone. Let me alone, I tell you. I can't bear any more of this——" She pressed her hand to her mouth and ran out of the room.

Raymond wept two tears, unashamed, among his taffetas.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright, 1929, by Virginia Swain. All Rights Reserved.

Modern Case of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

THE case of a modern Jekyll and Hyde was revealed in the Recorder's Court in London, England, the other day when the Reverend Francis Bacon, 70-year-old vicar of an East London church, was convicted and sentenced to 15 months in prison for engaging in a traffic in noxious drugs. Charged with running a regular business in the supply of drugs to expectant mothers for treatments aimed at preventing the arrival of children, Bacon at the same time was doing good and meritorious work in his parish, bringing comfort and financial aid to distressed families and equipping and paying the passage of many youngsters to the British colonies.

The Rev. Bacon claimed to be one of a well-known family of British soldiers, the son of Major-General Bacon and the father of a youngster who fought throughout the war with the utmost distinction, while he himself certainly saw service with the forces during the war.

Educated at public school and university, he has been interested in church and missionary work during the major portion of his life. Yet he was seemingly always something of an adventurer, even in connection with his religious activities, and was associated for a long time with a certain "archbishop," a Roman Catholic priest who won ex-communication by breaking away from the parent church and starting "the old Catholic Church" on his own account. Bacon was one of the five "bishops" appointed by the ex-priest—bishops who reciprocated by making their leader "archbishop."

Bacon, with his fine voice and moving eloquence, was the real inspiration of that sect and assumed the role of archbishop when its original founder died. He resigned in 1920, was ordained in the Church of England the same year, and served for some time as curate in Poplar.

In February, 1927, he was appointed to the living of All Saints, Stepney, and arriving as a self-proclaimed Anglo-Catholic came into open and sometimes almost violent conflict with his flock. They protested against his Anglo-Catholic views and the manner in which he conducted his services, but Bacon went on undismayed, declaring that he would conduct the church exactly as he thought fit.

His works certainly were good and yet while he was giving spiritual and temporal aid to his parishioners he was running his business of supplying drugs to expectant mothers and had been for years past, first in conjunction with a man who has fled the country and latterly with the assistance of a woman named Bolton, who received a sentence of six months for her part in the affair. They were both trapped at last as the result of a series of letters offering various treatments to a police woman who had professed to be an expectant mother. Bacon and his assistants carried on the business through plausibly worded letters to their intended victims, signed by the fictitious names of "Dr. Mary Lane" and "Dr. Hannah Brown."

Rather fresh of complexion in spite of his 70 years, an expression of the utmost benevolence on his small classic features, snow-white hair encircling an almost bald head and standing in his best pulpit pose, Bacon watched the jury returning to their box. When he heard the verdict of guilty he smiled in gentle deprecation, while the expression on his face and the poise of his outstretched hands said as plainly as possible "Forgive them."

At that moment, however, he still believed the eloquent plea of his learned counsel, Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, would win him immunity from prison, and when he found that such was not the case his whole attitude changed. The "sweetness" went out of his expression, his body tensed almost as though he was about to spring upon some one. Anger had lifted the mask and shown for a second that other side of his nature.

Fashion prefers this simpler way of tinting

To produce delicate pastel shades required by fashion, the Putnam method is unequaled. Tinting is simpler, cleaner, more satisfactory when done with Putnam Tinting Fluid. Made in a moment. Just dissolve a package of Putnam Dye in a pint of boiling water—bottle it—use like blueing in cool rinsing water. Keep your favorite tints bottled—use indefinitely—same shade assured each time. No fear of streaking. Same package of Putnam tints or dyes all materials. 15¢ at your druggist's. To change a color remove old color with Putnam No-Kolor Bleach. Tint or re-dye the desired shade with Putnam Fadeless Dyes.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Send for new Revised Edition, "The Charm of Color," a beautifully illustrated guide to dyeing, tinting, bleaching, cleaning, etc.

FREE

Monroe Chemical Co., Dept. H-1 Quincy, Ill.
Please send your free booklet to
Name ....
Address ....

FREE! all materials and directions for making Colorful Sweet Peas

Yes, you can make them yourself, easily, perfectly, right at home. For Dennison has a new method so simple you can quickly learn to make delicate sweet peas, gorgeous roses, flaming poppies—more than 60 varieties of flowers—all of colorful crepe paper. Make them for your home, church, club or school, make them for gifts or to sell.

Special Offer—Send Coupon

So that you may prove to your own complete satisfaction how easily you can make flowers by this new method, we will send you absolutely free instructions and sample materials for making sweet peas. Send coupon below.

DENNISON'S, Dept. 15-A
Framingham, Mass.
I am interested in your new method of making Crepe Paper Flowers. Please send me free sample instructions and materials for making Sweet Peas.
Name ....
Street or R. F. D. ....
City .... State ....

Why not let us include some of these famous Dennison books? Check those you want and enclose 10c for each.
- .... Crepe Paper Costumes
- .... Lamp Shade Packet
- .... Table Decorations
- .... Sealing Wax Craft
- .... Children's Parties
- .... Weaving Paper Rope
- .... Showers & Announcements
- .... Decorating Halls & Booths
- .... Money Making Parties
- .... Crystal Trees (Free)
- .... Party Magazine (25c)
- .... Party Book ($1.00)
- .... Complete Home Course in Crepe Paper Flower Making ($2)

Dennison-craft

TO HAVE EYES THAT MEN ADORE ...DO THIS

BY MAKING the lashes shadowy, luxuriant and apparently longer, this wonderful Liquid Winx adorns the eyes with supreme loveliness. It makes them more expressive, seemingly larger . . . instantly!

And when you apply Liquid Winx to the lashes and brows you do so without fear of betrayal—it bestows on the eyes beauty without the slightest hint of artificiality.

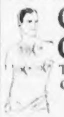
It is easy to apply and remove. Safe. Liquid Winx is really waterproof.

Apply waterproof Liquid Winx to lashes and brows. You can obtain this lash dressing wherever you purchase your beauty aids.

For those who prefer a cake lash dressing there's none quite so effective as Cake Winx, sold wherever Liquid Winx is sold. Each form (two shades, brown and black) 75c complete. Ross Company, 233 West 18th St., New York

WINX

Send 12c for generous Winx sample



Break up that CHEST COLD!

Tightness, Wheezing, Coughing Checked Quickly by an Allcock's Plaster

THAT stubborn old chest cold will throw up its hands and quit if you just put an Allcock's Porous Plaster on your throat and a couple more across your chest tonight. You'll be delighted with the warming, comforting [illegible]

[illegible]

Allcock's POROUS PLASTERS

Easy as A-B-C!

You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!

A[illegible] And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE

Mandolin Saxophone
Piano 'Cello
Organ Ukulele
Violin Cornet
Banjo Trombone

or any other instrument

FREE BOOK TELLS ALL

Our free booklet, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," contains a special offer that makes the course available at a very low price. [illegible] U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC, [illegible] Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
[illegible] Brunswick Bldg., New York City.
Please send me your free booklet "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," [illegible] I am interested in the following course:
Have you Instrument? ....
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State ....

Will your Negligence force him to do ..... This?

Of course not! YOU say most emphatically. But what have you done to guard against such a fate for your child?

Have you enough Life Insurance to protect him—to keep him off the street until he is really able to fight life's battles—properly equipped?

Certainly YOU want to give your family the greatest possible amount of Protection. One Dollar a month—helps. Two, three, four or five—offers a greater amount of Protection. And Double Indemnity for accidental death—Triple the amount for Travel accidents—without extra cost.

Amounts of Insurance for $1.00 Per Month Premiums

Age	Amount of Triple Indemnity	Amount at Double Indemnity	Amt. for Natural Death
10	$2586	$1724	$862
11	2541	1694	847
12	2499	1666	833
13	2457	1638	819
14	2418	1612	806
15	2379	1586	793
16	2343	1562	781
17	2292	1528	764
18	2253	1502	751
19	2205	1470	735
20	2172	1448	724
21	2127	1418	709
22	2082	1388	694
23	2052	1368	680
24	1998	1332	666
25	1947	1298	649
26	1908	1272	636
27	1863	1242	621
28	1818	1212	606
29	1764	1176	588
30	1722	1148	574
31	1674	1116	558
32	1669	1086	543
33	1578	1052	526
34	1536	1024	512
35	1491	994	497
36	1449	966	483
37	1401	934	467
38	1356	904	452
39	1308	872	436
40	1263	842	421
41	1224	816	408
42	1179	786	393
43	1134	756	378
44	1092	728	364
45	1050	700	350
46	1008	672	336
47	969	646	323
48	930	620	310
49	891	594	297
50	852	568	284

50% Natural Death Benefit During First Six Months

Read the table to the left. Opposite your present age is shown the amount of insurance benefit that you can secure for one dollar a month. Figure out the amount that you can get if you pay two, three, four or five dollars a month. Don't you want your family to have this protection? The coupon below is for your convenience. Simply fill it out now, attach your check or money order, and mail it. There is no reason to delay. Do it NOW!

$1.00 with Coupon Brings Real Whole LIFE INSURANCE
Full Cash Surrender and Loan Values
No Medical Examination

Twentieth Century Life Co., 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I wish to apply for a Special Life Insurance Policy, without medical examination. Enclosed you will find first payment in the amount checked below:

Check Monthly Premium Desired: $1 ☐ $2 ☐ $3 ☐ $4 ☐ $5 ☐ Limit to Men, $5 Women, $3

My full name is ....
Street Address ....
City .... State ....
Age .... Date of Birth .... (Nearest Birthday) Day Month Year
Beneficiary ....
Write here the full name of person to whom you want Insurance paid at your death.

NOTE—This insurance will become effective when and if issued by the Twentieth Century Life Company at its Home Office in Chicago, Ill. A short form application will be forwarded in accordance with requirements. The acceptance of any application is optional with the Company, and in event of rejection the full amount deposited will be returned. AW-1-6-2

Advertisement.

Laxative Like This Best—says Doctor

Many people, says doctor with large practice, have forgotten that only laxatives of a purely vegetable nature really correct constipation and stimulate a non-irritating movement of the bowels.

Brandreth's Pills are purely vegetable and a wonderful remedy for constipation, biliousness and dizziness. First compounded in 1759 by the famous Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, they are now the regular medicine of millions of people. All druggists—25c.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS

Brussels Sprouts in Cream.

PICK over and wash Brussels sprouts. Discard discolored leaves. Let stand in cold salted water an hour or longer. Drain, cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain thoroughly. Serve with rich cream sauce.

Draftsman's Pocket Rule
Copy me and get Ivorine Rule Free.—Jack

FREE

This Genuine Ivorine Pocket Rule

Copy This Jack → and Get ← This Rule

I want to see if you would make a good draftsman. If you are 16 years old or older, rush sketch and get rule free.

Draftsmen Needed in

Auto Work—Electricity—Aviation—Motor Bus Work—Building Work. I train you at home in your spare time.

Employment Service
After training you I help you get a position [illegible] for this service. Employers of draftsmen come to me for men.

No Experience Necessary
Age or lack of education no drawback. My practical home study course in an simple your spare time is all that is necessary.

Earn While You Learn
You can start earning extra money a few weeks after beginning training [illegible].

Satisfaction or Money Back
If my training does not satisfy you after you have finished you get every penny back.

I Train You at Home Engineer Dobe

Write for the FREE Rule

Mail this sketch today and get the splendid Ivorine Pocket Rule at once.

Engineer Dobe, Div. 19-11
1951 Lawrence Ave., Chicago

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

Just Rub It On

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole. As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief. For croupy colds, sore throat, rheumatism, aches and pains in back and joints, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

Jars & Tubes

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Clear Your Skin

A blotchy, pimply skin is not normal. Don't continue to be embarrassed by it. To thousands, Resinol Soap and Ointment have brought a quick clearing away of even stubborn skin disorders, often accompanied by severe itching. Resinol is everywhere recommended by leading physicians. Resinol Soap, too, for daily use. Note its clean, tonic odor. Try it yourself. *At all druggists.*

For free sample of each, write Resinol, Dept. A, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

$10,000
Protection Against
ACCIDENT
and
SICKNESS
For Only **$10. year** No Dues or Assessments
Men, Women 16 to 70 accepted
NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION
Policy Pays
$10,000 for loss of life, hands, feet or eyesight. [illegible] $25 Weekly [illegible] and hospital bills. Covers [illegible] and many common accidents. [illegible] sicknesses, [illegible] operations, lobar pneumonia, etc., etc. [illegible] and oldest exclusive Health and Accident [illegible] Company. Don't [illegible] sickness or accident. [illegible] for free descriptive [illegible]
North American Accident Insurance Co.
[illegible] Bldg., Newark, New Jersey

Name ....
Address ....
City and State ....
AGENTS WANTED for Local Territory

Healthy Skin

There is [illegible] dependable treatment for the [illegible] of Eczema. The first [illegible] of Zemo usually stops itching and when used regularly will help rid the skin of Eczema, Pimples, [illegible], Blotches and similar annoying skin irritations.

You will be surprised how quickly skin troubles will [illegible] to this clean, antiseptic, soothing [illegible]. Easy to apply at any time. [illegible] and 1.00.

zemo
FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

Into Thin Air—By Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk

(Continued from Page 18)

"Before attempting to explain the pseudo-mysteries surrounding his acts we must first consider a very real mystery. I am not dealing with my abstruse psychological theory, but with a very familiar visitor in our daily lives.

"During the first years of the World War we all saw the lights of mysterious airships swinging beyond the trees. We found out later they were merely bright stars low on the horizon. But we wanted or feared to see airships—it's the same thing—and we saw them. Group hallucination.

"Let me add in passing that the person I am indicting had studied group hallucination. He understood its possibilities and its limitations."

The very phrases Judge Mather had used to me the morning before!

"In 1897," the sonorous voice went on, "the balloonist, Andree, made his attempt to reach the North Pole. Beyond all reasonable doubt balloon and pilot met their fate a few days after the start. Yet months later Andree's balloon was seen in various portions of the northern world by widely separated observers. More remarkable, the captain and crew of a fishing smack off Newfoundland saw Andree and his balloon before either had left Spitzbergen. Group hallucination.

"After the French Zeppelin Dixmude crashed in the Mediterranean it was sighted by military posts along the south rim of the Sahara Desert. Group hallucination again.

"One last example. In 1921 Raymond Lestonnat, a French journalist, was aboard the three-masted bark Caroline, which had just quitted Ilo-Ilo. Together with the captain and the watch he saw in the distance a pirogue, or native canoe, with a man signaling for help. The Caroline approached. The pirogue grew more and more distinct. They observed that it was painted white, that the castaway was wearing a blue coat, that he was signaling with a scrap of tarpaulin attached to an oar. Then at three hundred yards, when the Caroline was preparing to launch a boat, dugout and man melted into a tangle of floating branches that presently slipped alongside and vanished in the wake.

"It may be objected that if one man sees a thing which does not exist, there can be no group hallucination. This is a fallacy. In the case of any man alone who saw the non-existent Andree balloon, for example, his mind was prepared by earlier conversations and by newspaper reports; in short, by a group that, if not actually on the spot, influenced his mind quite as much as if it had been. He was told he might see the balloon and he did. Essentially group hallucination.

"Moreover, all this applies to our life of every day. We see what our imagination tells us to see. The man ahead of us on the street wearing a familiar suit is, we are sure, an acquaintance. One sense supplies a pennyworth of evidence and imagination paints the picture in its entirety. If we pass a stream and hear a cry for help, we are later convinced we saw a swimmer in difficulties.

"But why, you ask, do I dwell upon group hallucination in connection with the killing of Dr. Klotz? Because it explains all the apparent mysteries that have confused and thwarted our thinking minds. The killer, as I have said, was familiar with the principles of group hallucination; he employed them as a shield for his protection during the whole cycle from the initial appearance of the message on the slates to his final disappearance in West Hall after the death of Dr. Klotz.

"I propose to trace, analyze, explain, and reproduce his whole series of mystifications so clearly that you will see him before you."

I could remain silent no longer. The time had come for my revelation. I stood up.

"Do you know," I asked, "that Judge Mather has already written and signed a full confession?"

"A confession of what, Professor Nollins?"

"Judge Mather, now under arrest, pleads guilty, not only to perpetrating all the trickery we have encountered, but also to having killed Dr. Klotz."

He hadn't known it. The quick surprise that swept his face was proof of that. But the expression vanished as quickly as it had come, and left him imperturable.

"Until you spoke, Professor Nollins, I knew nothing of the confession. I have no doubt the man who wrote it was sincere. But that confession, insofar as Judge Mather connects himself with the crime, is not true."

"Not true?" It was my turn to be startled. "How do you know?"

"By the simplest and surest of alibis; by an alibi that cannot be attacked. Saturday evening at eight o'clock I passed Judge Mather on Mifflin Street. He was walking briskly, eyes staring straight ahead. I spoke, but he neither answered nor turned. I recognized his condition.

"Last year I made Judge Mather's acquaintance. His attitude was hostile, but he talked freely with me about his experience with what he called the Higher Forces. He told me of spells of unconsciousness during which, according to his belief, he was possessed by evil spirits or their equivalent. Three times, he said, he had waked to find himself in one of our local hospitals.

"Last Saturday evening, therefore, I concluded he was again abroad without conscious mind. After following some distance I had the ambulance called. Judge Mather was taken to the General Hospital before nine o'clock, and the records prove he remained under close observation until after eight Sunday morning. The post mortem sets the death of Dr. Klotz at or shortly after midnight."

He paused and faced us squarely.

"Judge Mather is innocent. We must look elsewhere for the killer. And we will."

His alibi for Judge Mather should have cleared the air, instead, it only foretold the gathering storm. For, if Mather had not been on trial for the killing of Dr. Klotz, who was the accused he had pilloried by indirection? Was he to weave his illusion till we saw, in imagination, some familiar figure hunched in that vacant chair?

The Grand Galeoto bowed. The curtains closed between him and us. His unannounced exit left me groping vaguely for some omission, and it was only when the illusion dissipated that I realized my ears had strained for the routine, "Court is adjourned."

CHAPTER XXII.

Group Hallucination.

THE draw curtains parted and we saw a new Grand Galeoto. He was no longer the sinister prosecuting attorney; he stood before us, mellowed and smiling, once more the master of magic.

The curtains, a pair of skilfully placed screens, and twin clusters of electric lights simulated proscenium and stage. At the extreme rear was a black-shrouded cabinet; and before this two small tables. On the first rested a stoppered bottle, an alarm clock, and a blue foulard; on the other a bird cage housing an active canary.

We were about to witness an exhibition of sleight-of-hand.

The Grand Galeoto advanced with easy confidence. "When I discussed group hallucination, Mr. Adams, I am afraid you were not wholly convinced. For example, after I cited the illusion of hearing a cry for help near a stream as suggesting a swimmer in difficulties, you shook your head."

"I'd look first," Rich said stubbornly.

"Are you sure, Mr. Adams?" The Grand Galeoto took the clock from the table; thumped it solidly, played with the winder, started the alarm, covered the clock with the blue handkerchief, and with the alarm still ringing shrilly, brought the foulard under Rich's nose. "Is the alarm clock under the handkerchief or not?"

"Certainly it is," Rich said positively.

"But it's not. I 'ropped the clock on a little shelf behind the table. Sewn in this handkerchief is a wire frame outlining the bell of the clock. The alarm is a ringing mechanism under my coat, which starts or stops at the pressure of my right forearm. See for yourself. And if I should flirt the foulard in this fashion, you would swear that by some mysterious means I had made the clock disappear. Yet it was never there at all."

Rich whistled his embarrassment.

"All of us, you observe, are liable to group hallucination. Herrmann was right; the closer you watch the less you see. But that is not because the hand is quicker than the eye, as is erroneously believed, but because imagination outstrips them both. Watch this coin. Follow it."

He extracted a half dollar from his pocket with his right hand, passed it to his left, and then opened his closed fingers. The coin was not there.

"Group hallucination, with the Grand Galeoto acting as most of the group. I told you I should place the coin in my left hand; told you, not with my voice, but with my eyes, my fingers, the very position of my body. Result: you thought you saw it transferred from one hand to another. As a matter of fact it stayed palmed here."

He exhibited his right hand. The half dollar was neatly wedged between the ball of the thumb and a fold of flesh under the third finger.

"That's all right with a coin," Rich conceded grudgingly, "but you can't tell us anybody palmed the Salem Spook."

The Grand Galeoto maintained his blandness. "The principle is the same. You were convinced the coin was in my left hand. When I opened that hand you experienced a momentary shock. Whether it was the light flashing from a fingernail or pure illusion, you thought you actually saw the half dollar melting into thin air." He flung us a challenging question. "Honestly, now, didn't you?"

Somewhat shamefacedly, disregarding all logic, we admitted the melting.

"Next the ancient orange trick, as good today as it was a thousand years ago. Watch the orange."

He reached down. The yellow fruit bloomed miraculously under his knee.

"One!" He tossed it into the air, following its flight with his eyes. His head and trunk were thrown back, his arms upraised. His knees straightened; then bent at the catching.

"Two!" It went up again.

"Three!" This time the orange did not come down. Half way to the ceiling it disappeared.

"Did you see it go? Did you see where it went? Twice I threw it up, the second time a little higher, and twice you watched it rise and fall exactly as I did. The third time, too, we all watched, you catching your breath as I caught mine, your eyes lifting to the tilt of my head. But the third time the orange was not in my hand at all. It was slipped under my coat."

He produced it.

"Your imagination hit on all eight cylinders. It decided for you. The orange must be there because I acted as though it were there and because twice before you had seen it there. So, very obligingly, you obeyed your imagination, until your eyes refused to carry on any farther. Then your imagination told you the orange must have vanished up there in the air. For at least a moment you believed it. Group hallucination again, with the Grand Galeoto playing the part of the group."

There was a dramatic magnetism about his conjuring that convinced you, whether or no. It was the force of a man believing in himself, full of easy confidence, certain of his methods and effects. I began to sense an echo of that admiration which had thrilled me twenty years before in the National Theatre at Washington. The red ribbon across his breast was doubtless the gift of one of those minor potentates who have the habit of decorating entertainers *en voyage;* but on his coat lapel hung something more authentic, a French military decoration. And for the first time in many years I recalled the sensational newspaper reports that had announced the Grand Galeoto's official adventuring in the service of the French Government. He had been brought to Morocco during the difficult days of 1908, and penetrating without escort the fastnesses of certain rebellious tribes, had out-conjured the marabouts at their own game. And he stood before us now, the Grand Galeoto of those other days, calm, sure, superior; master of the situation and of all situations.

Rich brought me back to earth. "But the hand must be quicker than the eye," he protested, "or I'd have seen you slip the orange under your coat. I was——"

The Grand Galeoto interrupted. "What you want is an example of group hallucination that doesn't depend upon legerdemain. I rather anticipated that from you, Mr. Adams. Common sense is your strong point. And it is your own fault if to convince you I am obliged to ask that you sample this nasty, vile liquid here in the bottle." He removed the stopper, wet his finger with the fluid, placed a drop on his tongue, and made a wry face. "Bitter as aloes! Worse! Try it for yourselves. You must be sure of the taste before I explain what I wish to do."

He passed the bottle among us four spectators. In my turn I sampled the liquid, which my tongue told me had a distinctly acid tang.

"And there you are," announced the Grand Galeoto, radiating self-satisfaction.

"Where are we?" Rich demanded, still holding the bottle and with lips twitching. "What's the group hallucination here?"

"You tasted it last, Mr. Adams. Was it bad?"

"Terrible."

"And you found it bad also Miss Clem; and you, Miss Carrol; and, I congratulate myself, even Professor Nollins reacted. Yet there is nothing in the bottle but water, unflavored and tasteless. Try it again, Mr. Adams. What did I tell you? But because the Grand Galeoto warned you it was vile, and screwed up his mouth and made a face, each one of you felt his tongue tingle with the repulsive stuff. Now, Mr. Adams, do you believe in group hallucination, without the aid of balloons, wars, sea serpents or sleight-of-hand?"

Personally, I experienced profound disgust at having been fooled like a freshman by this hoary trick of the lecture room. The Grand Galeoto was more resourceful than I had suspected, and he was forging along with a verve and fire that would have carried any audience. We were like putty under the knife of the glazier.

Complacently the Grand Galeoto considered our discomfiture. "I have promised to explain various mysteries this evening, and I purpose keeping my word. If I go slowly at this stage, it is merely to fix in your minds general principles. All these mysteries in connection with the Salem Spook involve disappearances. I can assure you, as an expert, that there are only three ways in which an object or a person may disappear.

"In the first case, as I have shown you with the coin and the orange, group hallucination is alone responsible. The object disappears in the most mysterious manner because it is not where our imagination tells us it is. The illusion of the disappearance occurs when common sense once more gets the upper hand. Is that clear?"

Rich seemed about to speak, but the Grand Galeoto resumed without giving him the opportunity.

"The second type of disappearance has been illustrated by the vanishing alarm clock. We accept a part for a whole and conclude that the disappearance of the part proves the disappearance of the entire object. Group hallucination plus an observation wrongly interpreted."

Rich nodded, but reluctantly.

"The third and last method is almost purely mechanical. It is only after it happens that group hallucination steps in and says, 'Hello! We saw this with our own eyes—but it couldn't have been! Impossible! Contrary to all experience! Must be real magic!'"

The Grand Galeoto walked to the table and took the bird cage between his hands. The canary twittered and hopped from the perches to the swing and back again.

"Come closer, Mr. Adams. You seem the most incredulous. Sit in this chair here."

With obvious reluctance Rich placed himself on the stage.

"Watch the big cage carefully, Mr. Adams. It is about to disappear before your very eyes into thin air. Shall I toss it at your feet, like this; or into your hands, like this; or over your head, like this; or— ?"

The cage was gone; the Grand Galeoto's hands were empty.

"And where? And how? Your common sense tells you the cage was too large to palm or slip up my sleeve. Yet up my sleeve is exactly where it went. The cage is collapsible and my little canary is unhurt."

Reaching under his coat he pulled out a compressed spindle of wires, with the bird chirping happily inside. The ring of the transformed cage was fastened by a snap to a cord which passed up the conjuror's left sleeve.

"This cord is what we magicians call a pull. It is attached to my left forearm, and before the trick ran across my back and down to a button on my right sleeve. After I hooked the catch to the ring I pretended to toss the cage into the air and at the same time straightened out both arms. Mechanism, simple mechanism."

Rich shook his head as he resumed his place among the spectators.

When the Grand Galeoto spoke again his voice had sobered.

"And now, after a brief intermission, I shall analyze the unexplained disappearances of the original Salem Spook. His impersonator followed in his footsteps. Both understood and employed group hallucination. Before I finish I hope to reach the author of the mysteries that have confronted us during the last five days and that climaxed in the killing of Dr. Klotz."

The Grand Galeoto gestured, evidently to Mrs. Hooper behind the curtains, and they shut him from our sight.

The seconds ticked draggingly. Perhaps three minutes had passed when Ann turned to me. Her plea was almost inaudible.

"Why don't you go now? Oh, why don't you go now?"

Before I had time to answer, the Grand Galeoto stepped between the closed curtains.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Copyright 1929, by Horatio Winslow and Leslie Quirk. All Rights Reserved.

Crippled by One Fall, Cured by Another

TO be crippled by a fall, have her condition aggravated by another and then be miraculously and completely cured by a third was the unusual experience of Miss Miriam Pearson, of Lingfield, England.

Today Miss Pearson is convinced that she is the luckiest girl in Britain. She is twenty, and until a few days ago was a "hopeless" cripple—at least that is what the doctors said—the result of a bad fall.

Her case was made worse when, owing to a second fall, she struck her head on a wooden beam. The strain on her weakened condition caused a broken blood vessel in the already injured leg.

She entered a hospital and remained there for a month. During that time she had been under the care of medical experts, who, however, could do nothing for her.

She entered hospital a cripple—but with hope—but came out a cripple for whom nothing apparently could be done. It was thought that she would never be able to walk properly again and she resigned herself to her unhappy fate.

For weeks she managed to drag her useless limb along the ground behind her. Then she had another fall in a first story room of her home. For a time, she suffered great pain and her life again hung in the balance, but when she did recover she was amazed to find she could walk.

Her third accident had in some miraculous way destroyed the effects of the first two accidents. Miriam can now walk about and play tennis as well as any other girl in her village, says a special writer in Thomson's Weekly.

Telling of the events which led to her injuries and her ultimate recovery, Miss Pearson said, "It was in July when I was on holiday at Southsea that I first injured my leg.

"I went to Southampton with some friends to look over the battleships and just as we had finished going over the Leviathan I fell down the gangway and hurt my hip. I did not think anything serious had happened to it and managed to get back to my lodgings in Southsea.

"A day or two afterwards I was walking through the house when I hit my head on a low beam in the ceiling.

"My head, strangely enough, was hardly hurt at all but the shock caused a blood vessel in my injured leg to break and what with pain and loss of blood I thought I would die.

"I was taken to the hospital and remained there for a month. The doctors could do nothing, and I had enough of them looking after me, so that when at the end of four weeks I went home again I was still every bit a cripple.

"Mum and dad were both very upset and it made them feel very unhappy to see me walking slowly and painfully about the house.

"Their unhappiness and mine was increased still further when I fell for the third time and hurt myself so badly that I almost collapsed. But in spite of great pain I retained my senses. I was put to bed and remained down for a day or two.

"One morning I awoke feeling more fit than I had done for months and I got straight out of bed and walked across the room. I got on so well I determined to give mother a surprise. I almost ran down the stairs and straight into the kitchen where mother was ironing. She didn't know whether to laugh or cry when she first saw me, but she decided on the former and laughed with me for joy.

"Dad and my four brothers were all equally taken aback when they arrived home from work and saw me walking down the garden path to meet them."

Be a Salesman

MAKE MORE MONEY

Positions waiting for good salesmen, saleswomen. BIG EARNINGS. Learn easily NOW with famous EASTMAN. Practicing sales managers show you how—at home, in half the time, at half the cost. Not "books to read" but real selling methods. Simple, personal, complete PRACTICAL instruction. Only $5 a month. Details FREE. Earn as you pay. Grasp this chance! Hurry—write AT ONCE.

EASTMAN EXTENSION DIVISION,
Dept. 21, Rice Bldg., Boston, Mass.
EASTMAN (Poughkeepsie—Est. 1859)

Oyster Fricassee.

MELT 4 tablespoons butter. Add 4 tablespoons flour and stir constantly until delicately browned. Add ¾ cup thin cream, ½ teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper and 1 cup liquid from oysters, and stir until smooth. Add three dozen well cleaned oysters. Bring to boiling point. When oysters are plump and edges curl remove from heat. Serve in shells or on toast.

"A New Skin In 3 Days"

Get Rid of Your Pimples, Blackheads, Acne, Oily Skin, Wrinkles, Tan, Freckles, Unsightly Blemishes, and Marks of Age This New Way!

READ THIS FREE OFFER!

"They're GONE—Because They're OFF!" Place a Piece of Paper Over Half the Above Photo and Note the Transformation!

WORRY no more over your "terrible" skin and complexion! Forget your failures with lotions, clays, creams, powders, massages, steaming pots and "cover-ups." Throw away your rubber masks, plasters and beauty makeshifts. Because—here's where you get a new, true skin! Your blackheads, pimples, large pores, freckles, tan, sallow complexion, surface wrinkles, blemishes and signs of approaching age, go, definitely—"because they're OFF!"

Most astonishing German discovery in the history of beauty culture. All explained in an amazing free book called "A New Skin in 3 Days." Learn how to do at home yourself what foreign beauty doctors have charged enormous prices for. Make your own skin and complexion the envy of all who behold it. Send your name and address only—no money!

Make Your Face Your Fortune!

Hundreds of men and women are now doing it at home—in the quiet of their own rooms—without the knowledge of their most intimate friends, emerging in a few days with a new, soft, velvety, clear, spotless youth-like skin on face, neck, arms, hands, or any part of the body where a new skin is desired. It's astonishing almost beyond belief! Send now—the book is absolutely free to readers of this magazine. Address Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. P-89, No. 1700 Broadway, New York.

Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark

By RUTH WAITE

Every woman with gray, faded or streaked hair is entitled to do something about it, for it is every woman's birthright to retain her youthfulness and charm as long as she can. When a woman mentions gray hair to me, I don't hesitate to advise the use of a restorer and I recommend sage tea and sulphur.

A brew of common garden sage, when properly combined with sulphur, restores gray hair to its original color, lustre and beauty. So perfectly does it do the work that its use is undetectable. You may either prepare the mixture at home or buy it already prepared and ready to use. Wyeth's Sage & Sulphur is the name of the prepared article and it costs only 75c a bottle at druggists. Hence there's no need of your bothering to prepare the mixture yourself.

You simply moisten a comb or soft brush with it and draw it through your hair, one strand at a time. The very first application banishes the gray and one or two more sees the hair beautifully restored to its original life and color. One would be surprised if she or he knew of the thousands who use this preparation.

Charming Eyes like these --are Easy to have!

EYES that ask or command, laugh and dance or tell tales on your heart; they're charming eyes—attractive—and very easy to have.

To obtain this delightful effect all you need do is make your lashes appear naturally long, dark and luxuriant. This is best and easiest done with genuine Maybelline.

You'll like Maybelline, because it goes on easily, looks natural and is guaranteed absolutely harmless in every respect. Obtain a box of Solid Maybelline or a bottle of the Liquid form from any toilet goods dealer. You will be amazed at the marvelous difference Maybelline and just a minute can make in your appearance.

Either form in Black or Brown, 75c everywhere

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

BOB OR NOT

YOUR HAIR NEEDS

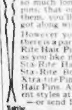
STA-RITE HAIR PINS

All Colors—All Sizes—Wire or Celluloid

Sta-Rites hold your hair in place so much longer than old style pins that once you have used them, you'll wonder how you got along without them.

However you dress your hair there is a particular kind of Sta-Rite Hair Pin for holding it just as you like it. Besides regular Sta-Rite Hair Pins there are Sta-Rite Bobclasps, Sta-Rite Xtra-tite Pins and Sta-Rite Flat Hair Pins. Ask to see the different styles at any store or shop—or send 10c for samples to

STA-RITE HAIR PIN COMPANY
Dept. A, Shelbyville, Ill.



Free TO Catholics ONLY

Cut out this advertisement and send to us with your name and address and we will mail you this LITTLE FLOWER MEDAL absolutely FREE, without one cent of expense to you.

DALE MFG. CO., DEPT. H-74
Providence, R. I.

DEAFNESS—HEAD NOISES
RELIEVED BY
"UNSEEN COMFORTS"

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or headpiece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor, who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc.,
Suite 238, 70 5th Ave., New York

DENT'S

Demand Dent's for toothache. Pressed gently into cavity it does four things:

(1) Stops toothache instantly
(2) Cleanses and protects cavity
(3) Retards further decay
(4) Destroys all odor

Does not spill or dry up like liquids—keep it in your medicine cabinet for toothache emergencies. At all drug stores, 25 cents.

FOR TOOTHACHE

Filters a Gallon Every 4 Minutes

Low Priced—Guaranteed

Amazing new invention—patented Home Filter for fruit juices and beverages. Nothing like it. Removes all sediment, pulp, forms. Filters a gallon every 4 minutes. Perfect results guaranteed. No moving parts. Simple. Practical. Low priced. Lasts a lifetime. Thousands already in use.

Free Home Trial—Agents Wanted

Try free at our risk and return it not satisfied. Send name and address TODAY for full particulars of this liberal offer. Act NOW. AGENTS WANTED. Home Filter Co., 260 Central Ave., Bay City, Mich.

ITALIAN ACCORDIONS

We manufacture and import all kinds of first-class hand-made accordions.

The best in the world. Ten-year guarantee. Our prices are lower than any other maker's. Free instruction to our customers. Ask for Free catalogue.

RUATTA, SERENELLI & CO.
1014 Blue Island Ave., Dt. 81, Chicago, Ill.

Agents! Women Adore This New Rayon Garment

Latest Lingerie Sensation—just out—the stylish new French Band Bloomers. [illegible]

Make $2 to $5 an Hour

[illegible]

Write Quick

[illegible]

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING CO.
[illegible]

"Let's Give the Children a Party"

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,

The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE most frequently asked question in my recent mail was: "I want to give a party for my little girl and her friends. Please give me suggestions and ideas and help me plan their refreshments." Certainly the junior set and the in-betweens want some fun and frolic as well as big sisters or brothers. The entire vacation period, with its twin feasts of Christmas and New Year's leave behind the most picturesque backgrounds for the children's party. The greens, the red and gay globes on the trees, wreaths and candles about the house, have already done much to set the scene for a junior "affair."

Small children adore games where searching and hunting must be done. The centerpiece, called a "pie," is also universally popular, opening, as it does, to disclose a pack of tiny gifts. The "pie" might take the form of a big paper snowball, with red streamers, one to each place. A Santa Claus man on top of a sled, or a snowman, can develop the same idea. A safe, edible favor is a marshmallow tied with gilt strings and bearing a sprig of fir and a candy star. The "pie" centerpiece may be a large, oblong cake with sloping gingerbread roofs, the house entirely "iced" in white, shiny frosting. Toy Santas and sled may be stood on its top, while a dextrous handling of the cake decorating set will make realistic "snow" of the icing. At the base, when the roof is opened, the small favor gifts are disclosed within the house.

If the holiday idea is carried out, then a dwarf, or an old-fashioned "Lord of Misrule," may appear with his bag of gifts, one for each guest. Have the bag filled with sawdust and the small gifts tied and buried in it to make searching the harder. Paper bricks and fac-simile "fireplace" with a "stocking" for each guest, can also be easily arranged in any corner of the room. A small tree, entirely decked with edible ornaments, such as cookies, honey cakes, candies, etc., is always fun for the children to despoil and eat.

Another idea suitable for any holiday party is a **Rainbow Party,** developed as follows: Make a centerpiece of a cardboard rainbow with colored primary papers, and have it stretch from one end of the table to the other. Have small "pots of gold" at each place, filled with tiny candies. Cover the lights with paper in each of the rainbow shades. The Maypole idea may be developed in rainbow streamers and carried out in the children's dance. Children are asked to dress in paper costumes in the rainbow shades.

Another idea, for an older group—children ten to fifteen—is the **Pirate Party.** Write invitations like a "treasure map" with a skull and crossbones sketch, etc. Ask guests to come dressed as pirates—an easy and always popular costume. Place small gold boxes (chests) in the center of the table, to form an "island." When the refreshments are over, separate the "island" and give a "chest" filled with chocolate-covered "dollars" to each child. Several small lollypops, with a tiny spade on the handle, can be used as additional favors. Use the black "Jolly Roger" flag about the room. Have the host, if a boy, impersonate "John Silver," "the Black Spot," "Jim Hawkins," etc., of "Treasure Island." Girls can dress like Spanish or other similar types of "captures" from the Spanish main.

A Circus Party is suitable for every age, and equally enjoyed by all. Let the host impersonate the ringmaster and the hostess a bareback or trapeze artist. Ask guests to come outfitted as any preferred animal, dwarf or circus "freak." Arrange various simple "ring events" and "acts" in which all can share. Let the refreshments be of the true circus variety—peanuts, apples, cones, candy-sticks, lemonade, etc.

For very small children this can be adapted into a **Noah's Ark Party.** Here the children also impersonate animals and play those games where the noises made by the animals are of chief interest. An older person is the Noah and Mrs. Noah, leading the children in kindergarten games of the circle type. They end finally into being led into the "ark"—the dining room—where they partake of simple refreshments. Here the cake served may be a large birthday type of the wholesome sponge or angelfood mixture. If placed on a convenient round board, the entire top or around the base can be decorated with animal crackers, set in pairs, the crackers being first dipped in different colored icings. A large cookie, with a single "animal" cracker stuck to it in icing, will make a safe but clever place card. Small novelty toys or mechanical animals can be given as prizes for the various games.

Another party is a **Fruit-Basket Party,** where each child is asked to come impersonating some kind of fruit. Many pretty costumes can be devised along this idea, and all will be easy to make of various colored crepe papers. Dresses for girls can be pasted on to two forms of light cardboard swung from the shoulders. Thus, an orange, apple, etc., would be very easy to make of crepe paper mounted on a double slip or deep ruffle sewed up at the side seams, with openings for the neck and arms. Boys would make good pineapples, using the "brush" as a headdress, bananas, etc. The menu might feature a fruit cup, orange juice, or an orange jelly in an orange shell basket.

Aeroplane Parties are in the spirit of the day. Many of the small model toy aeroplanes can be used as the headdress or in making costume "wings." These latter may be fashioned of thin wire, pasted with paper, then shellacked or painted in the quick-drying lacquer paints. The costumes of the aviator are easily built on and in combination with the typical Girl of Boy Scout uniform.

A variation of this was a recent successfully enjoyed **Polar Party,** where the junior guests came dressed as Eskimos, explorers, bears (using a heavy coonskin coat), etc. One young fellow, enveloped cleverly in a sheet sprinkled with sparkle dust, was just an iceberg! Another guest came as a traffic signal, another as a flashlight—using a large bicycle flashlight in his cap. Prizes of scout knives and small sporting accessories made this a popular party with junior boys.

Generally two kinds of simple sandwiches, one fruit cup or ice cream, with large or small cakes and a beverage, are an abundant menu for the younger set. An excellent menu is:

Minced chicken sandwiches on lettuce on graham bread.

Jelly and cream cheese on white bread.

Fruit cup (orange-pineapple-grape) in orange baskets.

Ice cream in fancy shapes, small cakes, assorted icings.

Orangeade or cocoa cup, dates stuffed with raisins and coconut.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Stewed Apricots, Whole Wheat Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Corn Bread, Coffee. *Luncheon* Mock Tomato Bisque, Waffles with Stewed Peaches, Tea. *Dinner* Hamburger Steak Loaf, Glazed Silver Skin Onions, Potatoes in Casserole, Lettuce Salad, Pimiento Dressing, Delicious Bread Pudding.	*Breakfast* Baked Apples, Oatmeal, Bacon, Coffee. *Luncheon (Company)* Creamed Fish au Gratin, Rolls, Jellied Fruit Salad, Wafers, Coffee. *Dinner* Smothered Chicken, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Corn Pudding or Corn Fritters, Peach Tapioca (Juice from Monday's Peaches.)	*Breakfast* Oranges, Corned Beef on Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Potato Chowder or Chicken Broth, Toasted Crackers, Apple Whip, Hermits. *Dinner* Mock Duck, French Fried Potatoes, Spinach, Canned Tomato Salad, Wafers, Date Pudding.	*Breakfast* Baked Bananas, Savory Omelet, Hashed Brown Potatoes, Rolls. Coffee. *Luncheon* Italian Macaroni or Southern Macaroni, French Bread, Sour Milk Gingerbread with Lemon Sauce, Tea. *Dinner* Pork Chops, Candied Sweet Potatoes, Jellied Orange, Carrot and Pineapple Salad, Cheese Biscuits.	*Breakfast* Oranges, Codfish Cakes, Toast, Coffee. *Luncheon* Egg Salad, Graham Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Tea. *Dinner* Onion Soup, Stuffed Halibut, Mashed Potatoes, Baked Stuffed Peppers, Cottage Pudding, Raisin Sauce.	*Breakfast* Grapes, Oatmeal, Small Sausage Balls, Buckwheat Cakes, Coffee. *Luncheon* Boston Baked Beans, Brown Bread, Grated Carrot and Shredded Cabbage Salad, Cocoa. *Dinner* Mock Lobster in Timbale Cases, Potato Salad, Cornmeal Rolls, Fruit Trifle, Sour Cream Drop Cookies.	*Breakfast* Fruit, Cream Toast, Coffee. *Dinner* Chop Suey, Rice, French Fried Green Peppers (Reheated), Pear and Ginger Salad, Crackers and Cheese, Caramel Layer Cake. *Supper* Shad Roe Scrambled with Eggs, Marmalade Biscuits, Grated Carrot Salad, Cocoa.

Dishes for the New Year

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Meringue.

BEAT 4 egg whites until stiff. Gradually beat in ½ cup sifted powdered sugar, ⅛ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Fold in ½ cup sifted powdered sugar. Pile lightly on pie and bake in moderate oven.

Onions on Toast.

PEEL mild onions of uniform size. Boil rapidly one hour. Drain, cover with boiling, salted water and cook another hour or until tender. Drain. Have ready a round of toast for each serving. Place one onion on each slice of toast, pour over the onion a little scalded cream, sprinkle with finely chopped parsley, if desired, and serve immediately.

Duchesse Potatoes.

PRESS hot boiled potatoes through potato ricer. To 1 quart of riced potatoes, add 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon paprika, 3 or 4 well-beaten egg yolks, 2 tablespoons melted but not browned butter and hot milk as needed. Be careful that mixture is not too moist. Beat until light.

Orange Frosting.

COOK 1 cup sugar and ¼ cup water until syrup spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. With clean, wet cloth wipe all grains of sugar from sides of saucepan. Pour slowly onto 2 egg yolks beaten until thick and lemon colored, beating constantly until stiff enough to hold shape. Add ½ tablespoon orange juice and spread.

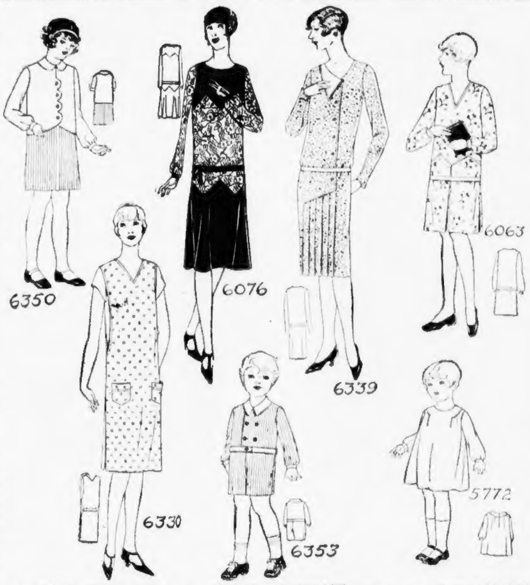
Mornay Sauce.

MELT ¼ cup butter, add ¼ cup pastry flour and blend well. Add ½ teaspoon pepper and ½ teaspoon salt and 1 cup milk or cream and 1 cup fish stock. Stir constantly until smooth and boiling. Simmer gently about 15 minutes. Add 2 ounces, each, Gruyere and Parmesan cheese. Remove from fire when cheese is melted and beat in, bit by bit, ¼ cup butter.

Delicate Chicken Soup.

SIMMER 1½ quarts chicken stock freed from fat with ½ bay leaf, 3 or 4 peppercorns and a few celery leaves. Strain, add 2 tablespoons cooked rice and simmer gently until tender.

American Weekly Patterns



A PRETTY FROCK FOR A SMALL GIRL (6350). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. To make the dress for a 6-year size will require ¾ yard of 27-inch lining for the underbody and 2⅞ yards of 39-inch material. The jacket of contrasting material made with long sleeves, will require 1⅛ yards 39 inches wide; with short sleeves, 1 yard.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
P. O. Box No. 260, City Hall Station,
New York, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 20c OR 12c EACH.

6350...Years	6330...Size
6076...Bust	6063...Years
6339...Bust	5772...Years
6353...Years	

Name ....
St. & No. ....
City & State ....

A STYLISH AFTERNOON GOWN (6076). The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 2 yards of figured material 39 inches wide and 2⅜ yards of plain material, if made as illustrated in the large view.

A SMART ONE-PIECE MODEL (6339). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. To make the dress for a 38-inch size, as illustrated, will require 4 yards of 39-inch material, together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for facing on revers and belt.

A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL APRON (6330). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the apron for a medium size will require 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material. To trim with bias binding, as illustrated, will require 4¼ yards.

A POPULAR ONE-PIECE SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY (6353). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 6 years. To make the suit for a 4-year size will require 1⅞ yards 36 inches wide. For facing on collar, cuffs and belt of contrasting material ¼ yard 36 inches wide is required.

CHILD'S DRESS (5772). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 3-year size requires 1½ yard of 32-inch material.

GIRL'S DRESS (6063). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material, together with ¼ yard of contrasting material. To finish with bias binding, as illustrated, will require 2 yards.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 20c in silver, to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
P. O. BOX NO. 260,
CITY HALL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Send 10c in SILVER for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1928-1929 Book of Fashions, in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

Solved ...at Last!!!

What to do with Old Razor Blades!

DON'T throw them away! For old razor blades are worth real money—now that KRISS-KROSS rejuvenates them [illegible]

[illegible]

AGENTS! [illegible] KRISS-KROSS [illegible]

RHODES MFG. CO.
Dept. A-473, 1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Rhodes Mfg. Co., Dept. A-473
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Without obligation please send me your [illegible] KRISS-KROSS [illegible] free.
Name ....
Address ....
Town .... State ......
☐ Check here for money making plan.

Advertisement.

Advertisement

Life carefully planned for next ten years

Keeps eye always on higher office

ASK any of the boys who've made good and they'll tell you it didn't just happen by a lucky break. Their success was the result of careful planning. Hard work. Night school, perhaps. And above all, always attending strictly to this important matter of health.

"I had no time for outdoor exercise," is the story you'll hear. "I couldn't afford one of those gymnasium courses. But I figured I could keep myself in good shape by taking Nujol. I've taken it ever since. And it's helped as much as anything to keep me fit and on the job every day."

If you're always on the job, always 100% fit, you'll be a good bet for any employer.

There's no easier way to keep in first rate condition than by taking Nujol. Nujol is not a medicine. It's just a pure, natural substance that helps your system to function as Nature meant it to under all conditions. Normally. Easily. Regularly. Without any extra effort and strain on your part. It not only keeps an excess of body poisons from forming (we all have them), but aids in their removal. Nujol can't possibly upset or disagree with you, because it contains absolutely nothing in the way of medicine or drugs. It is simply a pure natural substance. Perfected by the Nujol Laboratories, 26 Broadway, New York.

Start Nujol today. Give it a fair try—for the next three months, anyway. By the end of that time—even before then perhaps—see if you don't feel much more all 'round fit. If you're like everyone else, you'll have more ambition and energy, feel more optimistic, and look like a different person after following this wise regime. And you'll profit by it.

You can buy Nujol at all drugstores for a small sum. Worth trying, isn't it? Nujol is sold in sealed packages only. Stop at your corner drug store and buy a bottle on your way home tonight.

"The only time I get stage fright"

a "confession" by Lew Fields

"COUNTING since my Weber and Fields days, I figure I have been on the stage about 6,000 times. You could hardly call me a beginner.

Yet, on some nights, I still get pretty nervous. Those are the nights when the overture is nearly drowned out by coughing, and I know there is an army of coughers in the audience. How coughing can kill a wise crack dead! If only somebody would give out Smith Brothers' to the audience I would walk on with complete confidence."

Unpleasant and dangerous coughs and colds—most of winter sicknesses—start right in the throat. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops protect you! They soothe irritation, clear away hoarseness, and—*they stop coughs!*

SMITH BROTHERS' S. B. COUGH DROPS

Keep a box handy always. 5c—two kinds—S. B. (Black) or the new Menthol.

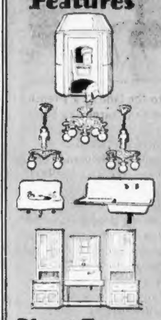
Aladdin's Model Homes

Latest Designs Just Out

SEE THEM IN THE NEW 1929 ALADDIN CATALOG!

Aladdin Readi-Cut Construction Will Save You Money!

OUR PRICES INCLUDE: Heating and Plumbing Equipment· Electric Light Fixtures· Built-in Kitchen Cabinets and other Modernizing Features



Direct Factory Shipments– Saving Retail and Wholesale Profits

ALADDIN'S Newest Book of Homes

Brilliantly printed in full colors; enchanting in its originality of "new-day" designs, fascinating in the variety of interiors and gratifying in its money saving opportunities — you'll enjoy every page.

In the new book you will discover many new and beautiful modern-day homes— 33 styles in all, with 99 different floor plans. Every home and floor plan pictured has been designed to give the utmost in beauty and comfort combined with amazing economy. This year's Aladdin Home prices include Plumbing and Heating Equipment, Electric Light Fixtures, Built-in Kitchen Cabinets, and many other modernizing features—a complete home at a definite price. Mail the coupon for your free copy.

SAVE 18% LUMBER WASTE - 30% LABOR COST

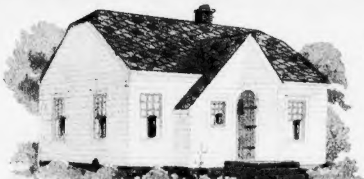
You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the Aladdin Mills and make big savings on the lumber, millwork, hardware, interior equipment, and labor. The Aladdin Readi-Cut System has saved money for tens of thousands of home-builders. It will save money for you. And with the Aladdin Guarantee, you can buy and build an Aladdin with complete confidence that you will be pleased and satisfied.

Prices Include - - -

All lumber cut-to-fit: *knotless* interior woodwork, *knotless* siding, *knotless* flooring; *knotless* windows and *knotless* doors; high-grade glass; paints; hardware; shingles or roofing; nails; lath; high-grade heating plant and equipment; complete bathroom outfit, including white porcelain enamel tub, lavatory, closet, built-in wall cabinet and other fixtures, all of high quality; complete set of beautiful electric light fixtures, all wired, ready to hang; built-in kitchen cabinet of modern design, made of Aladdin top-quality lumber, nicely finished; together with complete instructions and plans that make it easy to erect an Aladdin house. Complete shipment of all materials can be made within a few days after order is received. We pay freight. Our guarantee covers both the quality and quantity of materials, and also their safe arrival at your station.

Build and Save the Aladdin Readi-Cut Way!

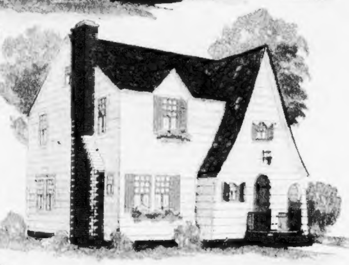
The Aladdin Company are the originators of the Readi-Cut System of Home Building. Quantity production of standard designs, with no lumber waste, allows us to quote the very lowest prices, and still maintain the High Quality materials Aladdin Homes are noted for. All the lumber is certified, sound, strong, and of high quality. All home equipment furnished is the very best that money can buy. Aladdin Homes are permanent, year-'round homes, warm in winter. Not portable or sectional in any sense, but readi-cut and erected the same as any other well-constructed home. Aladdin's 23 years' success is proof that you can do as thousands of other home builders do every year—save from $200.00 to $800.00 by building an Aladdin Home. There is an Aladdin near you, wherever you live. Go and see one. Save money, time and annoyance by ordering all materials from the Aladdin Mills. In the beautiful, new, 1929 Aladdin Catalog you will be sure to find the home that you will like. Address Coupon to nearest mill and mail TODAY.



$1023

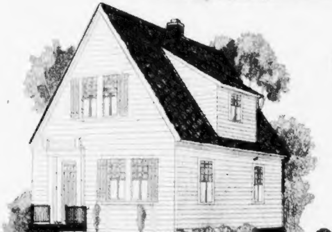
5 ROOM
ALADDIN
ALL MATERIALS
READI-CUT

WE PAY
FREIGHT



$2597

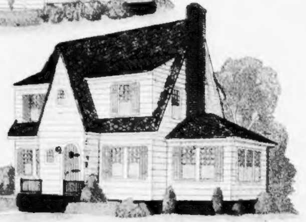
7 ROOM
ALADDIN
ALL MATERIALS
READI-CUT
INCLUDING
HEATING
PLUMBING
AND LIGHTING
WE PAY
FREIGHT



$1729

6 ROOM
ALADDIN
ALL MATERIALS
READI-CUT

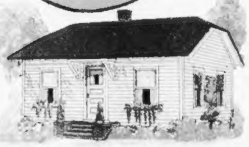
WE PAY
FREIGHT



$2769

8 ROOM
ALADDIN
ALL MATERIALS
READI-CUT

WE PAY
FREIGHT



$869 5 ROOM
ALADDIN

ALL MATERIALS READI-CUT
INCLUDING HEATING
PLUMBING
AND LIGHTING
WE PAY
FREIGHT

New Catalog
Just Out.
It's Free!

mail Coupon TODAY for FREE CATALOG

THE ALADDIN COMPANY
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
Originators of the Readi-Cut System of Home Building.
Also Mills and Offices: Wilmington, N. C.; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Can.

THE ALADDIN COMPANY

Address Nearest Mill at Bay City, Mich., or Wilmington, N. C., or Portland, Ore., or Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Please send me at once, without obligation, free copy of the beautiful, new, 1929 Aladdin Catalog of Readi-Cut Homes, Garages and Summer Cottages, No. 201.

Name..

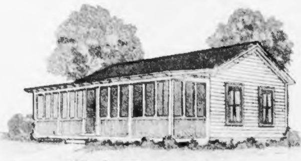
Address..

City.................................State..................

GARAGES

$87 and up

The new 1929 Aladdin Catalog shows many designs of Readi-Cut Garages — including the new English, Colonial and Pergola types—all shown in full colors. Prices are astonishingly low. Each design is listed in several sizes. You can build an Aladdin Garage yourself in a day or two, saving labor costs and really enjoying the easy work!



SUMMER COTTAGES

$180 and up

Aladdin's newest Summer Cottage presentations excel in beauty, selections and designs! Include everything from cozy little two-room cottages to large cottages with four bedrooms. The economy and convenience of ordering complete materials for a cottage from one source, shipped to your destination in a single car, will be most gratifying. Your Catalog, showing the complete Summer Cottage line, is waiting. Send for it today. Use the Coupon.